Anti-Slavery Standard Vol. 13-14

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor

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Selections.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

[RICHARD ALLEN writes from Dublin to the *Liberator*, under date of Nov. 11, as follows.]

Our winter Anti-Slavery campaign commenced last evening. It was a small gathering, but still there was a little life in it. I think the feeling is increasing that we have a good deal of home work to do. Irishmen emigrate in thousands. They go out in gross ignorance, for the most part, as regards Anti-Slavery. Amongst you, they rapidly become politicians, voters, &c., and almost universally go the wrong side, and thus swell the pro-slavery ranks. These are admitted to be truisms. It is also clear that they are under better influences for receiving Anti-Slavery truth here than when they get amongst you. Hence our work appears clearly to be to do all we can to enlighten them on the sin, the iniquity, the anti-Christianity of holding their fellow-men in bondage, or abetting it in any way. I am not without hopes that a good deal will be done, during the next six months, amongst our emigrant class, both previous to and on their embarkation; but as I shall be away a good part of the winter, I can only encourage others to labour.

But, whether we labour or not, the cause of Freedom is onward. I have ceased to be discouraged at the numerous spasmodic efforts which are being made by the Slave Power to maintain its sway. I call them spasmodic, because I believe they are really so. The demon of Slavery feels that he is invaded on every side; nay, he knows that his hours of oppression are numbered, that the Genius of Freedom gathers strength daily, and that it will be vain to struggle against her onward footsteps; at least, such is my conviction. I feel satisfied, that each day adds converts to the ranks of freedom, and that, so sure as light is spreading, so sure is the Genius of Slavery and Oppression nearing the termination of his sway in your land.

[REV. E. A. STOCKMAN, of Cummington, Mass., an earnest and faithful worker in the cause, writes to Rev. S. May, Jr., under date of Nov. 7, as follows.]

Since last we wrote you, we have given the following lectures: West Village, one; Worthington, three; Williamsburg, one; Goshen, one; Springfield, one; all by invitation. We are sure you will rejoice to learn that the cause is gaining *nerve* and numbers every day in this *rigid* quarter of the great Anti-Slavery field—this stronghold of pro-slavery religion and clerical supremacy.

Our meetings are everywhere well attended, often very full. Invitations to lecture come to us faster than we are able to meet them, and an increasing interest is visible in every direction. Had we but the power of a PILLSBURY or a PHILLIPS to do this great subject justice, how joyfully would we spend life's last energy in its defence! But, thank God, the weakest man is strong when his soul is stirred with Humanity's great impulses, and Heaven kindly gives to each, power to do *something* in the mighty conflict "of old systems with the Word." That *something* be it ours in cheerful haste to *do*, never tiring till God's image shall no more weep in chains, and perish unpitied at the *Christian* tyrant's feet.

At the close of our lecture at West Village, Rev. Mr. Gifford (Universalist), in an earnest speech, committed himself to the Anti-Slavery cause, and called on his people to "awake and work for the slave."

At our second lecture in Worthington, a leading member of the Orthodox church, and a man of decided influence, arose and said, "I am denounced for attending these 'Infidel' meetings, and thereby endorsing the speaker's 'outrageous attacks on the church and government'; and to prevent all mistake, I rise to say, that I do most cordially subscribe to *all* that has been said, and am ready to meet the issue."

Such is the cheering evidence that the sovereignty of the pulpit and the bitter pride and power of sect will not always control the better sympathies and conscience of the people. The reign of the Church is fast giving place to the reign of reason and humanity.

At Williamsburg, a Methodist minister met us in defence of the church against our "Infidel attacks and intentions"; but succeeded only in helping us to prove the more clearly her stupendous wickedness—the audience strongly expressing their appreciation of the confessions extorted from him. In most places, the churches adopt the policy, taught them by the *pious* Anti-Slavery Whigs, of staying at home and keeping closed doors. But when one does venture out, "just to see what Infidelity is," that he may the more effectually warn and preserve the *weaker* brethren, lest they fall into the "great condemnation" of "remembering those in bonds as bound with them"—when a church member, and specially a minister, deigns thus to meet us, O! Sir, is it not a religious duty to arraign him at the bar of outraged and perishing humanity, and bid him answer, in the presence of God and men, to the solemn charges which are written with the blood of the slave against him?

We went to Springfield, by invitation from a leading Free-Soiler of that city—not consenting to go, however, until we had informed the gentleman who invited us of our position, and the course we should take in our lectures. We were invited to speak on *two* evenings. We had a very rich and valuable experience with the Free-Soilism of Springfield, ending in a defeat of the second lecture (the house not being opened), and our poor self left to return as we went, *at our own charge*. Is there not a difference between an Anti-Slavery Free-Soiler and a Hunker Free-Soiler? We hope to go to Springfield again soon, under other circumstances.

To-morrow we go to Williamsburg again, and Thursday to Windsor; and this evening's mail brought an invitation to speak in Hinsdale. So you see, Sir, there is work to be done in this region.

Our Sabbath meeting is quite prosperous, increasing in numbers beyond our expectations. My feeble efforts are cordially and *strongly* supported by the fast and active friends of the slave in this place and vicinity. Our singers accompany us to many of the meetings, and, by their well-selected Anti-Slavery songs, make impressions on the icy heart of religious hunkerism deeper than any words of ours can do.

[PARKER PILLSBURY, in a letter from the Western Reserve (O.) to the *Liberator*, says:]

But my intention was to say something about Anti-Slavery here on the Western Reserve—the most Anti-Slavery part of the country. Two influences alone keep the people from the highest Anti-Slavery positions; first, the hoarse, raven cry of the pulpit about "Infidelity," and, second, the leading politicians, most of whom are now labouring to conform the morality and philosophy of former Free-Soilism to that of what seems now willing to be known as "Progressive Whigism." The former of these influences, fortunately, has no power, except over a few, and these generally not of the highest account.

The greater part of the original Free Soil men are really Gerrit Smith men; and so avow themselves in nearly every one of our discussions. But their leaders hold them back, in order to *fuse* them, as it is called, with the scattered and discouraged fragments of the Whig party. This *fusion* is to be attended with some *con*fusion; for the truly Anti-Slavery men of the party, who have any eyes to see, are unwilling enough to submit to it. At the recent election, they have been required to vote for some of the shabbiest specimens of political humanity that were ever cast in the darkest, rainiest day of creation. The Free Soil leaders have declared, over and over again, that the Whig party is dead; and yet they have dug it up, and married it. They have even required that some of its exhumed members be voted for to fill high offices, who have laid in the grave more days than did Lazarus, and with similar results on surrounding olfactories. The specious cry is, for a reorganization of parties on the "platform of progression." The Whigs might have to advance a step or so from the Baltimore platform, to meet the demands of their Free Soil spouse; but that the Free Soil party itself will advance, or attempt to advance, or propose to advance, except *backward*, like the Hibernian's flea, is out of the question. The bargain seems to be this: They say to the Whigs, 'You are dead—we know you are dead—we saw you die. Indeed, we were not only witness of your giving up the ghost, but the cause of it. But now, if you will get up out of your graves, peel off your cerements, shake off your mould, and kindle up souls again beneath your ribs of death, we, who are yet but in embryo, and so about your equals, will unite our fortunes in a common cause, and divide whatever spoils we gain, between us.' And as neither had aught to lose, and both, perhaps, something, at least, *to hope for*, the alliance was concluded—all but the conclusion. That is to come. Free-Soilism decently died with Whigism; and from the ashes of the two has sprung *Free Democracy!*

One of the *fusion* candidates here on the Reserve declared on the stump, just before election, that he would and should go against the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, if sent to Congress—though for some change in it, he avowed himself willing to vote. Every one of them, so far as I can learn, affirms his willingness to uphold a law that shall give the slave-hunter a right to his victim, wherever in the nation he can find him. Like Charles Sumner, they only ask that, in respect to Slavery, the government go back to where it stood in the days of Washington—of Washington, who, as President of the United States, signed the Fugitive Law of 1793, and, under it, hunted a slave woman himself, all the way to New Hampshire; and this is the "Party of Progression"!

THE AFRICANIZATION OF CUBA.

From The London Times.

ONE of the most extraordinary features of the American character is, that their vaunted and undoubted shrewdness wholly deserts them when they come to estimate what they are to expect from another country. The child that asks of everything "Will it bite?" and the savage, who sees a snare in the peaceful appliances of civilized life, are not more liable to error than the "cutest" man in the universe, when he looks at the cousins he has left on British soil. At this moment the Government of the United States, as we are gravely informed by *The Washington Union*, is possessed with the idea that we are about to Anglicanize Cuba by an inundation of African apprentices, on the condition that Slavery shall cease in that island at the end of fifty years. What a feasible project to be fathered on the long-sighted politicians of England! The hold we should have over these apprentices and their masters, the means of recovering them out of the jaws and very abyss of Slavery at the end of ten years, and the security for the total abolition of Slavery half a century hence, when every statesman now living in England, Spain, and the United States, will be mouldering in his grave—these are considerations which hardly occur to the rapid American mind.

It seems that, in order to abolish Slavery when we shall not live to see it abolished, we are to originate a tremendous aggravation of its horrors. The apprenticeship which we could not manage in our own Colonies, and which we were obliged to foreclose, we are to try again in a Colony not our own, under laws of which we know only that they are bad, and under the conduct of the most merciless and unscrupulous slave-masters in the world. A new experiment requires that all the conditions should be as much as possible under our control. This is barely an experiment, for it is a proved thing that negro apprenticeship is an impossible ambiguity, which must soon resolve itself into either Slavery or Freedom. Yet there are politicians, and even statesmen, at Washington who think it possible that we should reproduce an old absurdity under the most desperate conditions, and embarrass ourselves with a tried and exploded measure, in the hope that a European State which has long lost the sentiment of honour will keep its word when we are all dead and gone.

If these American statesmen would only just amuse, not their sober reason, but their imagination in its very idlest mood, by devising some attempt to carry out the scheme, they could hardly fail to laugh at their own simplicity in believing it. The apprentices once landed and merged in the slave population of Cuba, who is to be able ten years hence to distinguish the man whose lease of his fetters and stripes is on the point of expiring from the fortunate possessor of an inalienable freehold? There are American judges, indeed, who might be able to tell, by the colour of the skin, or some other recondite token, how deep the bondage had sunk into the soul, and whether hope still survived in the bruised and emaciated form; but to the unpracticed eye of British consuls and sea captains, one branded, scarred, whaled, toothless and mutilated nigger would be much the same as another, and it would be impossible to resist the mass of evidence that would be adduced to prove that every man brought into question was a native of that happy soil. One difference, it is true, might be admitted. The negro who evidently had but a short lease of his life might be presented to us as the remains of the ten years' apprentice. We might see all the hearty and strong still working under the lash as the heirs of perpetual Slavery, while the consumptive and crippled were resigned to our charge with lists and indentures denoting that they had come to Cuba ten years before under the protection of British cruisers. So would British honour and Spanish economy be at once satisfied.

The effect of such a system on the condition of its subjects needs hardly a second thought. Then comes the glorious prospect of the emancipation of Cuba in the year of grace 1903. Where and whose will Cuba itself be at that time no man can tell. It may be American; it may be a black republic; it may be a nest of pirates and a scourge of society, in tardy retribution of the blood that has so long trickled unavenged on its soil. Fifty years hence who shall say what Spain itself may be? If it remains what it is now, it will not keep its word, for that it never does where its interest is the other way. If Spain is to learn political morality in the interval, that can only be by changes in other respects, wholly beyond our baffled anticipations. But, if we cannot rely either on Spain as it is or on Spain as it may be, what becomes of an undertaking to come off half a century hence? And what American in his senses would invest a dollar in the chance of so "unreliable" a State fulfilling its promises at so distant and indeterminable an era?

But the Americans are grave on the subject. Their indignation is roused at this new move of British interference, and their patriotism provoked to resist it. To resist what? To resist a forced importation of Africans—just the very thing which every American capitalist interested in Cuba would above all things desire? The President and his Cabinet are prepared to meet this invasion of the American "Continent," in which it appears Cuba is situated, with "firmness and courage;" and we are assured, in American phrase, that "their action will be the "result of the most deliberate and patriotic convictions." Nay, more: Gen. Pierce has been abused a good deal of late, and wanted a turn, so now we are told, "In view of a crisis so momentous the heart of "the patriot President must swell with emotions of "national pride to know that, with the exception of "a few contemptible fanatics, he will be backed and "sustained to the last extremity in his determination "to follow the dictates of humanity, to guard the "constitutional rights of all the States, to preserve "the integrity of the Federal Union, and to resist "the aggressions of the British Monarchy, by the "united voice and energies of a people who are "jealous of their honour, who are informed of their "rights, and who are ready to stake life, liberty, "and property on the preservation of both." There we must stop. We are fairly breathless with the pace at which the fervid patriotism and outraged morality of the much injured Americans have carried us.

We cannot go as far as the appeal to an overruling Providence which winds up this burst of holy indignation. But, when the noble beast has lashed its tail to weariness, may we venture to ask what it is all about? About a scheme which the writer himself intimates would probably cost us £20,000,000, the immediate working of which would be an immense addition to the negroes at work in Cuba, and the only compensation of which would be a promise to be fulfilled in a remote and impenetrable futurity. Softly, brother Jonathan. Plausibility has its properties, if not its duties. Have method even in your madness. Show some reason for these furious menaces. Do not wield the lash without some shadow of a cause. The next time the heart of the President, the soul of his Cabinet, the bile of its journalists, and the fingers' ends of the community at large are excited to this terrible degree, let it be for something credible, possible, or at least conceivable. Though we have not the happiness and honour of being Americans, yet, as a nation, we know the value of money, and can measure the practicability of schemes. We don't attempt to cross the Atlantic in a punchbowl, much less is it likely that we should ever trust negro apprentices to Cuban planters, or emancipation to Spanish honour. It not as good or as wise as we might be, we yet know what we are about, which could hardly be said of us if we had ever entertained for one moment such a project as that which has thrown the President, the Cabinet, the press, and the people of the United States into a frenzy of virtuous indignation.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

THE commencement of a good and great cause is generally unpretending. It is seldom that persons of exalted position, or commanding influence, are the first to advocate unpopular truths; or that they hasten to ally themselves to a progressive movement in the dark and weary time of its weak and suffering infancy. Christianity, in the days of Roman power and magnificence, was taught by poor men—who toiled for their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—and since those days, the pioneers of almost every reform have been, in worldly circumstances, as well as in other respects, true successors of the apostles. But in no case has this general rule been more remarkably verified than in the history of the Anti-Slavery Movement in America.

Truth, it is sometimes said (and with good reason), is never without its witnesses. Do what its enemies may to gag, silence, or crush it, it still lives and speaks. Hence, we find in the history of the United States, and especially since the Declaration of Independence, that there were always some clear-sighted, honest-hearted haters of oppression; who, by pen and tongue, denounced the institution of Negro Slavery as a monstrous curse, and a frightful wrong. Indeed for many years previous, as well as for a long time subsequent to the formation of the republic, many, if not most of the ecclesiastical bodies of the country uttered solemn protests against Slavery, as an unjust and irreligious system; but unfortunately these declarations were not accompanied by corresponding action. As might be anticipated from this fact, year after year, the churches and the ministry became more and more unfaithful, until they attained their present pro-slavery position. Their gradual retrogression was necessarily attended by a similar change on the part of the people; and thus on the American churches does the guilt of Slavery mainly rest. Their crime is not that of silence with regard to the question, but of active participation in the national iniquity. They deadened the conscience, poisoned the morality, and corrupted the hearts of the people; and consigned to a hopeless and suffering bondage, millions of their fellow-creatures, whose condition they ought to have been the first to pity, and whose cause they should have been the first to advocate.

Among the pioneers of the Anti-Slavery Movement in America, none rank higher than Dr. Samuel Hopkins, President Edwards, and Benjamin Franklin; men who exercised all the influence of their position on behalf of the slave, and to whose labours much of the subsequent success of Anti-Slavery principles is, no doubt, attributable. But it was reserved for "The Missouri Compromise," * in 1820, to be the means of originating an Anti-Slavery Movement that has shaken the strongest citadels of Slavery in their very centre. The excitement that was created by this "compromise" seems to have inspired the devoted BENJAMIN LUNDY with earnest and active Anti-Slavery enthusiasm. In ten years, he held two hundred public meetings, visited nineteen States, and performed two voyages to the West Indies. He was peculiarly the man for his work—for nothing could damp his ardour, or shake his courage. In 1829, William Lloyd Garrison became associated with Mr. Lundy in "The Genius of Universal Emancipation," an Anti-Slavery paper, which the latter gentleman had established in Baltimore. Mr. Garrison soon proved himself to be a moral and an intellectual giant in the contest with the iron-hearted tyrants of the coloured race; in fact, he became the apostle of the Anti-Slavery Movement. Soon the persecuting spirit of his Satanic opponents marked him for its victim. Cast into prison for his boldness; a price set upon his head; everywhere denounced and hated; his enemies sought to crush him, but in vain. His heart was above fear, and his conscience beyond the reach of gold. On January 30th, 1832, the New England Anti-Slavery Society was formed. To describe the course of Mr. Garrison and his associates, since that period, would occupy more space than we have at our disposal in the present number. From the outset of their career, they have consistently and energetically advocated the duty of IMMEDIATE AND UNCONDITIONAL EMANCIPATION, the recognition of which principle, on the part of the Abolitionists, we hold to be vital to the prosperity and success of the cause. Some of their modes of action have unquestionably changed; but the change we believe to have been for the best. They have been denounced for the harshness of their language; or, in other words, they have been abused for speaking the TRUTH to the slaveholders, and painting the iniquity in its true colours. But in the struggle with Slavery, whose hypocrisy, cruelty, and ferocity, are proved daily, we assert that it is impossible to speak, with any degree of effect, in those mild, charitable terms which some persons recommend. How can the Legrees be spoken of as gentlemen!—and the Gardiner Springs, and the Ellingtons, be addressed as respectable divines and honest men?

Then another cause of complaint against the Abolitionists of the American Anti-Slavery Society is that they are "enemies of all civil government." The *British Banner* has recently republished this antiquated, oft-exploded slander. It is quite true that the American Anti-Slavery Society refuses to recognise the moral right of Abolitionists to vote under the United States constitution; but it does so simply on the ground of its being a pro-slavery instrument; and one, therefore, which such persons cannot consistently swear to obey themselves, or cause others to do so. If by these honest, Christ-like opinions they are to be understood as opposing "all civil government," then we plead guilty to the possession of an extraordinary obliquity of mental vision.

But the most serious, because the most successful, charge against the American Anti-Slavery Society is its unsectarianism. It invites *all the world* to co-operate with it in the overthrow of the giant curse of Slavery. It raises a platform on which the Christian and the Mussulman alike can stand; and it offers the grasp of friendship, and the bond of union to men of all sects and parties, who are willing to strike a true blow for the slave in the great battle of freedom. But mere sectarianism puts forth its shallow claims, and says to the men whom it regards as unbelievers, "It is true that the cause of the down-trodden is a good one, and it is your duty to help it. But you cannot work with me; for I AM HOLIER THAN THOU!" We appeal confidently to the Abolitionists of this country, as to whether they sympathize with this spirit. We are sure they do not.

With these narrow views, an article has been recently written in the *British Banner*. The writer says, "The church, indeed, has been most woefully to blame. Her guilt has been unutterably great; but after all, if she be penitent, and reformed, and come to her right mind—she is to do the work." We have no objection to her doing the work; on the contrary, it is with us a subject of constant desire. But if she will not do it—if she will persist in evil-doing—is no other instrumentality to be employed? Are the mouths of those to be closed who do not belong to her, or who have come out of her because of her iniquity? In short, is the redemption of the slave to be made dependent on the will of the church? Ten thousand times no; but rather, let every one *who will*, seek to tear the accursed tyrant, Slavery, from off his throne.—(*London*) *Anti-Slavery Watchman.*

* By this compromise, (which was originated by the Hon. Henry Clay), Missouri was introduced into the Union as a slave State; while, as a "set-off," Maine was admitted as a free State.

THE AFRICANIZATION OF CUBA.

THE Africanization of Cuba is the fashionable title of one of the novelties of the season. It is an interlude got up by the players at Washington, who have just now a four year's lease of the public theatre at the capital. When it shall have served its purpose of duly interesting, startling, and waking the great audience of the universal public to some rounds of applause, it will fall out of the play bills and the performers will go on with other divertisements. So far as we are able to learn, the knowledge of the scheme in question has come exclusively from Cuba. Of this the telegraphic dispatch in our columns on Saturday is an evidence. The wonder moving tale, that the African slave trade is to be opened there in full blast, under a joint compact of the Spanish Government, with France and England to sanction and defend the hellish traffic, finds its origin (we are well assured) in obscure speculating or fillibustering circles in that island. Upon no more reliable sources than this has the *Union* founded its recent inflammatory articles upon this sujeect. It is not pretended at Washington that any knowledge or hint of this startling project has come from any one of our diplomatic functionaries near either of the three Governments of Spain, France, or England. The intelligence is derived exclusively from Cuba, and from the sources mentioned.

The Africanization of Cuba—what is it? Nothing less than a plan to bring blacks from Africa by wholesale to serve sugar-growing masters ten years and then be set free. But how many victims of such importations will endure beyond the ten years? The sugar-growing slave is notoriously worked to death in less than that period. The work of gathering and expressing the juice from the cane and boiling it into sugar is a labour that from the time of its commencement to its close must never be intermitted. It is the most exacting and exhausting toil. The slave is worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and more if nature will endure it. The work is driven incessantly forward, by the sting of the slave-driver's lash, without intermission; and by one set of labourers, be it remembered, for double sets cannot be afforded, because the surplus hands would lie idle for nine months in the year. "Hands" are never expected to last over ten years on a well-worked sugar plantation. And thus the importation of African labourers for working sugar plantations for *ten years* is an importation for *life*, and a life too of incredible toil, ending in exhaustion and premature death.

And the consideration and compensation to philanthropy for all this is, what? Why, emancipation in Cuba at the end of fifty years. Of course, then, the importations of negroes are to be continued through at least forty years of the coming half century. For forty years the ocean is to be whitened by the sails of a thousand ships freighted with human woe. For forty years the soil of Africa is to be the legalized hunting-ground for the pirates and kidnappers of all nations, and the captured victims are to be packed away in slave-ships, and hurried off, amid sufferings and agonies that the pen of man has often tried, but vainly essayed, to depict, to perish in untold numbers under the inexpressible horrors of Cuban Slavery. In a single word, the African Slave Trade is to be reöpened under the sanction and patronage of two of the great powers of the world, which have long since denounced, and pursued, and aimed to eradicate it under the term of piracy, and who have both abolished the institution of Slavery throughout their dominions.

The first step in the Africanization of Cuba thus involves the supposition that these two nations are conspiring to inflict anew the most violent outrage upon Africa, whose accumulated wrongs growing out of Slavery have been the standing theme of the philanthropists and apostles of civilization during the last century; and to deliberately cover themselves with infamy, and bring down upon their heads the contempt and opprobrium of a world. It is difficult to conceive of the degree of credulity sufficient to lead any sane mind to believe that such a preposterous scheme as this is actually on foot.

The cold-blooded and daring impudence that advocates the reöpening of this diabolical traffic on grounds of *humanity* is undeserving a serious thought. The proposition is simply to destroy the exorbitant profits of the slave trade by opening it to universal competition. All the talk of Senor Torrente about subjecting the trade to the supervision of agents of Government presupposes an assinine stupidity that is worthy of a Yahoo. There is only one thing wanting to the perfection of his argument. This is that the system of African immigration, as it is gingerly called, is the only means by which evangelical Christianity and vital piety can be introduced among the warlike savages of Africa, and rendered acceptable to the pirates and kidnappers of her pestilential coasts.

But the Africanization of Cuba scheme does not consist alone in the establishment of the slave trade under the protection of the three powers, but in the ultimate and not distant emancipation of all the blacks on the Island. The pretence is that Cuba is to be filled with negroes under the apprenticeship system, and when this object is accomplished by a half century of importation, universal freedom is to be decreed.

We have seen to what extent the black population of Cuba is to be increased under the proposed system of ten years servitude on sugar estates, by showing that ten years is quite as long as the apprentices will live. Cuba will thus have no more blacks to be emancipated at the end of the proposed half century than if none were imported. But emancipation is to come as the condition and compensation for fifty years of impunity in the slave trade. And this is the whole of the Africanization of Cuba, so called. Fifty years of slave trade under a tripartite convention for its sanction and protection, and that to be followed by unconditional emancipation throughout the island.

As to the latter branch of the scheme we know nothing. England and France may or may not have entered into a compact with Spain for the Abolition of Slavery in Cuba at the end of fifty years. We are quite apprehensive that there is as little foundation for this supposition as for the former. If such a compact be in existence, however, we presume there will be at least two parties in the country on the question of going to war with the three powers to prevent its consummation. If the Union-Savers and Fugitive Law men may be set down in advance as in favour of such a war, we suppose it is fair to assume that the Free Soilers will be opposed to it. How the great mass of the people will look upon such an unheard of piece of atrocity as the prospective abolition of Slavery in Cuba, we are unprepared to say. If they are not roused to arm and go to war to prevent it, it will not be the *Union's* fault.

But the absurdity of the whole scheme becomes very apparent when we reflect that there is nobody except buccaneers, pirates, kidnappers, and some soulless sugar planters, who would propose to open and legalize the slave trade; and that if the slaveholders of Cuba would not hesitate to yield their assent to the apprentice system, they would be the last to agree to emancipation; and both parts of the plan must go together. The suggested bargain could, therefore, never be made with the planters, and the Spanish Government would not derive enough benefit from it to induce that power to carry out such an ignominious arrangement.

It is far more likely that Spain intends to keep the question of emancipation in her own hands, as a foil to the machinations of the fillibusters. If the tone of the *Union* is a true index of the temper of the Administration, and we think it is, Spain will have to rely upon her own defences against fillibustering incursions. It would seem that the President and Cabinet intend to do just as little toward arresting the operations of the marauding gentlemen who have designs upon Cuba as is consistent with the appearance of decency in the observation of our neutral duties. And with Mr. Soulé at Madrid to help open her eyes to this fact, it will be a matter of great surprise if Spain should fail to arrive at the same conclusion.—*Tribune.*

POLITICAL MORALITY ILLUSTRATED.

NOBODY, of course, ever thinks of looking into the New York *Express* for any high-minded discussion of principles, nor for any remarkable exemplifications of consistency and truth. It is conducted too entirely on the policy and after the model of the *Herald*, to enable it to furnish very refreshing instances of losing honesty.

Yet it is supposed to speak the sentiments of a certain class of politicians, and that fact has given some weight to its expressions of opinion. It has been particularly sealous in the cause of the Union and the Constitution, carrying its enthusiasm so high at one time as to call itself "*The Express for the Union*," and to fall into a perfect frenzy of rage whenever the [illegible] a little reluctant about executing the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. But listen to the *Express* of the 18th on these kindred subjects:

"Some Southern Democratic journals christen the Whig (State) ticket just elected, 'the Seward ticket,' and single out Mr. Leavenworth, the Secretary of State, as 'a Jerry rescuer,' &c. Well what of it, if so? What else do the Southern Democracy deserve? Do they think we Northern men are going to be more loyal to the Constitution, more true to the Southern compact in it, than they are themselves? Do they think we are going to throw off Seward, when they reject Dickinson, and take Van Buren up? If so, they very much mistake. We may continue, we give fair notice, to catch Whig 'runaway niggers' that come this way—because the Southern Whigs are true to us—but we catch no more Democratic 'niggers'—if we can find their politics out. If Jefferson Davis, or Mr. Guthrie, or Mr. Dobbin, has a slave that runs off this way, that slave need not go on the 'underground railroad' to Canada, but in broad day on the Hudson, with a million of people looking him in the face."

Loyalty to the Constitution, then, is not a question of principle, but of party! Attachment to the Union is not the sacred obligation which we have been told it was, but a contingent duty, which we are to fulfil, provided others do their part of the bargain! And the rendition of fugitive slaves is a matter quite at the option of the people! They may do it or not, as they see fit; if the fugitives happen to belong to Democrats, there is no constitutional means for their recovery; but if they belong to Whigs they will be returned, not because the Constitution requires it, but because the Southern Whigs have been faithful to their partisan ties. This is the substance of the *Express's* political morality.

We have often told our friends at the South that not much reliance was to be placed upon the vociferous professions of friendship uttered by the pro-slavery presses of the North, and here they have a proof of the correctness of our judgment. It is shown that their regard for the so-called compromises of the Constitution is a mere pretence, and that the moment it ceases to be profitable it will be abandoned. They were not, perhaps, prepared for so open and unblushing an avowal of the hypocrisy, but they ought to have been, for it has been evident from the start, that the pro-slavery clamour was a mere political shift, dependent for its continuance upon the devotion of the South to certain men.—Let the South, for any reason, drop them—let it cease to support them, and their steamboats and other selfish projects—and that moment they will fraternize with "Jerry rescuers," "Mr. Seward," "runaway niggers," and what not.

The alternative presented to the South is a plain one; it must uphold Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Law, Mr. Croswell, Mr. Brooks and their followers, in all their schemes of personal aggrandizement, in all their designs upon the treasuries of the United States and of New York, or it can expect nothing in return from these devoted friends of the Union. Its slaves may run off by the ten thousand, in broad daylight, but nothing will be done for their recovery by the immaculate patriots of the North, until they shall have received their *quid pro quo*. The log-rolling of certain corrupt legislative bodies is thus to be carried into Federal politics, while those high-sounding phrases of adherence to the Union, and the inviolable sanctity of the compromise, are to be dismissed, as holiday phrases, which, having served their purpose, are now no longer of any use.

We are sorry to give this account of any party, but we are forced to do so by their own words.—They make no bones about confessing their own profligacy, but rather proclaim it from the house-tops, in the most broad and unmistakable terms, and we, in recording it, simply take take them at their own estimation. They write "rogue" on their frontlets, as "police" is to be written on the caps of our new uniforms, or as the name of a dog is stamped on his collar, that all the world may know who he is and to whom he belongs.

A man with a conscience regards his political duties as inviolable, whatever course others may take in regard to them, but your compromise politician regards them only so long as they are likely to lead to his own success. Like a Swiss mercenary, the latter will fight for you while you agree to fight for him, the principle in dispute being no more to him than a convenient pretext, under which he hides for the nonce his unmitigated baseness. "God and Liberty," he cries, while he outrages every command of the one, and every principle of the other, and is ready, the next moment, to raise the same cry in the cause of the opposite party. Let the South and the rest of the world beware of such fellows!—*Evening Post.*

PIERRE TOUSSAINT.—Crosby, Nichols & Co. have recently published a "Memoir of Pierre Toussaint, born a slave in St. Domingo," a very noble and remarkable character. The Memoir is written by Mrs. Lee, author of "Three Experiments in Living," &c.&c, an assurance that what is said is well said. Toussaint (a portrait of whom is prefixed to the Memoir) attended his mistress in her flight from St. Domingo, in 1787, and accompanied her to New York, where he continued her sole support and most disinterested friend until her death. He himself died in New York in June last, at the age of 86, and unusual honour was paid to his memory. His story is a very extraordinary one, and his example, it has been well said, "is a higher vindication of his race, or rather a nobler testimony to the beauty and force of character, than all the works of fiction that studious invention ever conceived." The volume deserves to be extensively read.—*Salem Regis*

☞ We have received a copy of the same Memoir from the publishers. While the writer of it (Mrs. Lee) pays a well-merited tribute to the remarkable characteristics of Pierre Toussaint, she indicates that her own mind is still enveloped in a pro-slavery mist, and poisoned by colourphobia. For instance: describing an entertainment given by him, at his own house, to some white persons, she says that while Juliette, his daughter, "sat at the head, and waited on them with her delicious French coffee," she did not herself partake of the entertainment; and he kept out of the room until it was finished. "It was thus," she adds, "his sense of propriety (!) led him to draw the line. He never mingled the two races." Again she says—"*He was a true negro*, such as God had made him, and he never strove to be anything else. The black men represented as heroes in works of fiction [a sneer at 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?] often lose their identity, (!) and cease to interest us as representatives of their race, for they are white men *in all but colour*." (*!*) "He never forgot that he 'lived in a *black* house,' *nor wished others to forget it*." (*!*) How purely American is such stuff! Then, a thrust is given at the Anti-Slavery movement—thus: "He seemed to fully comprehend the difficulty of emancipation, and once, when a lady asked him if he was an Abolitionist, *he shuddered*, (*!*) and replied, 'They have never seen blood flow as I have;' and then he added, '*They don't know what they are doing*.'" Now, what had the flowing of blood in St. Domingo, from whence Pierre Toussaint came, to do with Abolitionism? It was not the result of emancipation—for not a drop of blood was shed by that act—but simply of the attempt of Napoleon's troops to make slaves of those who for years had been in the enjoyment of liberty. If he had no better opinion of the Abolitionists than to say that they knew not what they were doing, he must have been utterly ignorant as to their principles and measures, or else excessively servile in spirit. That the latter supposition is the true one is rendered probable by the statement—"When Toussaint first came to this country, the free negroes and some of the Quakers tried to persuade him to leave his mistress. They told him that a man's freedom was his own right. 'Mine,' said he, '*belongs to my mistress*'" *!!* And this besotted answer is put down to his credit! Thoroughly American again! So, when he was invited to take part in a procession of the coloured people in New York, to celebrate the abolition of Slavery in that State, we are told that "he declined the honour they assigned him, saying, 'I do not owe my freedom to the State, but to my mistress.'"—How narrow and selfish! Again it is said—"He never felt degraded by being *a slave*. No failure on the part of the master could, in his opinion, *absolve a slave from his duty*." And what duty can be predicated of such a condition as that of chattel servitude? Yet, while thus disposed to cringe to the whites, Mrs. Lee tells us that he "considered himself as much the object of Divine protection as any other human being" [what presumption!]—"It was the high conception of his own nature, as derived from eternal justice, that made him serene and self-possessed." Still, he was nothing but "a true negro," and never forgot that he "lived in a black house"! Such is the jargon to be found in this little Memoir; the writer of which ingenuously says of herself, "When we speak of Toussaint's friends, *we do not include his own people of colour*, though most gladly would we procure their testimony were it in our power. That he was a fast and true friend to them, we know; but *our walks have not led us among them*." Of course not. The dead flies in this pot of ointment make it very offensive.—*Liberator.*

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COLOURED CITIZENS OF DETROIT.

ON Tuesday evening, Oct. 25th, 1853, pursuant to previous notice, a large meeting of the coloured citizens of Detroit met in the A. M. E. Church, to express their opinion of William Lloyd Garrison, Abby Kelley Foster, and her husband. The meeting was called to order by the appointment of Messrs. George DeBaptist as Chairman, and W. Lambert, Secretary.

After the object of the meeting had been stated by the Chairman, a Committee of three, consisting of W. Lambert, Rev. W. C. Monroe, and W. Dolton, was appointed to prepare and present business for the action of the meeting. After a short conference, the Committee reported the following preamble and resolutions, which, after being ably supported, were accepted.

Whereas, we, the oppressed portion of this community, many of whom have worn the galling chain of Slavery, and know, by sad experience, its brutalizing effects upon both body and mind, and its damning influence upon the soul of its victim; and whereas, we, by the help of God, and the Anti-Slavery sentiment that now pervades the land, have been enabled to escape from the prison-house of Slavery, and partially to obtain our liberty; and, having become acquainted with the life and character of our much-esteemed friend, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who has been pleading our cause for the last twenty-five years; and, whereas, we have always found him true to our interest, continuing to cry aloud and spare not, in opposition to the great sin of American Slavery, even while a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for his head, by our Southern tyrants; and, whereas, he has suffered himself to be mobbed repeatedly, and dragged by a rope around his body through the streets of Boston by its pro-slavery rabble, and yet continue boldly and fearlessly to plead the cause of the poor, down-trodden slave, until he is now able to cause his guilty enemies to quail and tremble beneath his bold and powerful denunciations of their guilt, while he (as a reward of his labour) beholds the public sentiment of the country revolutionized in behalf of human liberty; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we hail Wm. Lloyd Garrison as our *Liberator* from bondage, and the great apostle of human liberty in this slaveholding country, and, as such, deserving of our heartfelt thanks, praise and confidence.

Resolved, That we view Abby Kelley Foster and her husband as the true friends of the slave; and, therefore, *we* have no dislike as to the shape of his head, or the length of her face; but we *do* have a great love of hearing the word which comes out of their mouths, for we perceive that they are well calculated to bring the guilty to a sense of their guilt, by presenting their acts, and proving them by their own printed documents.

Resolved, That we know, by sad experience, that the popular churches of this country are the bulwarks of American Slavery; and they are, we believe, built upon a sandy foundation, and destined to be swept away.

Resolved, That we believe the true Christain Church to be the bulwark of *Liberty*, and that it is founded on the rock *Christ Jesus*; therefore, neither Garrison nor all of his (so-called) "crack-brained fanatics" will be able to shake it; nay, not even the gates of hell shall ever prevail against her.

Resolved, That we view Garrison and his Anti-Slavery co-workers as the great corrective element in the political arena of this slaveholding country, and that their denunciations of both Church and party are the efficient agents which drive all good and honest-thinking men into the channel that leads to an Anti-Slavery Church and Free Democracy.

Resolved, That while we feel pained at the two articles in the *Daily Democrat* of this city, attacking the Fosters and Mr. Garrison, and very strongly condemn them as unjust, we will still give it our warmest support.

Resolved, That as the long-lost rights and liberties of an oppressed people are only gained in proportion as they act in their own cause, therefore, are we not loudly called upon to arouse, and wake up to, our own interest? for "they who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

Resolved, That we will here take the necessary steps towards organizing an association, to be known as the Sons and Daughters of Liberty, whose objects shall be to kindle the fire of Liberty upon the altar of every heart among us, and to fan the same into an exploding flame, which will consume all the pro-slavery dross from the Liberty-loving souls of those who, *otherwise*, would be Abolitionists.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings at this meeting be presented, for publication, to the *Daily Democrat*, and *Daily Tribune*, of Detroit; *Aliened American* of Cleveland, Ohio; *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, Rochester, N, Y.; *Liberator*, Boston; and the *Voice of the Fugitive*, Windsor, C. W.

On motion, a committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Lambert, Fishbloom and Bibb, was appointed to draft a constitution and laws to govern the proposed association, and to call a meeting and report when ready.

On motion, adjourned.

GEORGE DEBAPTIST, *Chairman.*

WILLIAM LAMBERT, *Sec'y.*

THE *Express* of Saturday, Evening edition, has the following paragraph. The spectacle of its grinning with slangy facetiousness over the sale of FOUR MECHANICS, as though they were four horses or hogs, must be grateful to its humane and philanthropic readers generally:

"THE NIGGER MARKET.—At Charleston business is quite active, demand good, and prices fair to middling. The *Mercury* of 15th quotes as follows: 'Sales yesterday were made of four mechanics (bricklayers). The first sold for $1,905, and each of the rest averaging over $1,000.'"

The *Louisville Courier* in a paragraph not facetious, but purely mercantile, says:

"The annexed prices were paid at a sale of negroes at the Court House door on Monday: 1 negro boy aged 11 years for $655; 1 negro boy aged 9 years for $560; 1 negro girl aged 7 years for $680.

Our very Democratic President particularly plumes himself on that paragraph in his message which dilates on the supreme excellence and constitutionality of catching any of the above men or boys, if they should presume to quit their master and set up for themselves. It must be particularly grateful to the Democracy of this city, especially the Irish and German Democratic brick-layers and hod-car-

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

riers, who receive their political faith sacred as it comes from the altar of Tammany Hall, to know what good prices brick-layers fetch in Charleston—one thousand dollars each! Think of it, sweating Democrats! Remember how highly you are esteemed as a class in the South. Remember that both of the Democratic Senators from South Carolina, sustained by those of all the other States, will pay, as occasion offers, $1,000 each for *mechanics*. But O, Genius of Swindle, though mechanics are sold, merchants, lawyers, and other respectable professions, are not. It requires no humanity, according to the Democratic Senators and President, to be a mechanic. No intellect above that of an animal enters into the calculations of the bricklayer, as he places with mathematical accuracy brick on brick, and rears an edifice that, pyramid-like, can outlive by ten thousand years that sacred instrument the slave-catching law! that can endure when all its sections and all the godlike speeches thereon will be forgotten! But load your hods, climb your ladders, lay your headers and stretchers, O ye mechanics, and vote the regular ticket—and vote your fellow workmen at the South, worth when alive, $1,000 each! Vote we say: what avails your moral worth and degradation, provided the stereotyped traders of the party get office; the tadpole Van Burens and all the hungry scum of Post-Office, Custom House and Diplomacy?—*Tribune*.

ANTI-SLAVERY OPERATIONS IN BRAZIL.

A Society for the Abolition of Slavery has been for some time in operation in Brazil; and the following extracts from one of the newspapers of the capital will give the grounds for an Abolition asylum which has been introduced into the legislature of the Empire by an enlightened and persevering member, and which has passed one of the Chambers.

It is decreed by the General Legislative Assembly of Brazil. It must pass another House to become law:

1. That all children of slaves, born after the date of this law, shall be free.

2. All those shall be considered free who are born in other countries, and come to Brazil after this date.

3. Every one who serves from birth to seven years of age, any of those included in Article I., or who has to serve so many years, at the end of fourteen years shall be emancipated, and live as he chooses.

4. Every slave paying for his liberty a sum equal to that which he costs his master, or who shall gain it by honourable or gratuitous title, the master shall be obliged to give him a free paper, under penalty of article 179 of the Criminal Code.

5. Where there is no stipulated price or fixed value of the slave, it shall be determined by arbitrators, one of whom shall be the public *promotor* of the town.

7. The government is authorized to give precise regulations for the execution of this law, and also to form establishments necessary for taking care of those who, born after this date, may be abandoned by the owners of Slaves.

8. Opposing laws and regulations are repealed.

Passed the Chamber of Deputies, May, 1852.

Silva Guimaraes, *Deputy*.

Judge Payne and Governor Cobb.—Gov. Cobb, of Georgia, in his recent message to the Legislature of that State, makes the following reference to the decision of the late Judge Payne in the Lemmon case, which excited so much interest in this city at the time. The views of Governor Cobb are important as indicating the pulsations of public sentiment at the South. The Governor says:

"Since the last session of the General Assembly, an occurrence has transpired in which Georgia, though not directly a party, is, in my judgment deeply interested, and to which I deem it my duty to call your attention. A citizen of Virginia, on his way to Texas, with slaves, is, by force of circumstances, compelled to take a temporary transit through the city of New York. Upon Habeas Corpus before Judge Payne, of that State, the negroes were declared free, and the citizen deprived of his property. Though indemnified fully, I believe by voluntary subscription, yet the principle involved in the decision is one of vast importance and startling tendency, in which the interest of Mr. Lemmon becomes insignificant, and the interest of every slaveholding State paramount and equal. Virginia and Texas have no deeper interest than Georgia and Alabama. It is understood that an appeal has been taken from the decision to the appellate Court of New York, and it is probable that the final adjudication of the question involved will be made by the Supreme Court of the United States.

"The adjudication of these questions by the tribunal organized under the Constitution cannot be viewed with indifference by us. Every slaveholding State should be heard before that tribunal. I therefore recommend that, in the event of the Lemmon case being carried before the Supreme Court, the Executive be authorized to employ able counsel, in behalf of the State of Georgia, to be heard before that court upon the questions.

"The general condition of our Federal relations presents a flattering prospect. Since the happy termination of those angry sectional strifes which, for a time, threatened our peace and quiet, the country has returned to a state of calm repose, and all the indications of the present point to a happy, peaceful and prosperous future."

THE COTTON-GIN.

The invention of the Cotton-Gin, so far as mechanical ingenuity is concerned, is due to Eli Whitney, a native of Westborough, Massachusetts, where he was born Dec., 8, 1765; but like a great many other things that have tended to revolutionize the world, the credit of originating the idea is due to woman. To Mrs. Greene, widow of Gen. Greene, of Revolutionary memory, must be given a share of the glory of this invention. It was owing to her influence that Whitney first attempted to construct a machine to separate the lint from the cotton-seed. This was in the winter of 1792-3, when he was a guest in her house near Savannah. The principle of the first model of his machine was the same as that now employed in the most improved gins of the present day. Teeth made of wire were fixed to wooden rollers, which, as they revolved, passed these teeth between wires, hooking the cotton through the interstices leaving the seed on the opposite side. As the cotton came round it was brushed off by a revolving brush and blown away from the machine. An extra copy of the original model by Whitney in the Patent-Office is now in the Crystal Palace, where it can be compared with the most perfect improvements which the active ingenuity of an inventive nation has been able to contrive in half a century, to show that no one has been able successfully to depart from the original idea of the great mind which first conceived the plan of separating the lint from the cotton-seed by machinery.

This invention, as soon as it became known, excited the most intense interest throughout the South, particularly in the State of Georgia, where the treatment that the inventor subsequently received is a lasting disgrace to the people of the State whom he had benefitted millions of dollars, by giving them the means of growing a crop without which they could not now exist. In May, 1792, Mr. Whitney entered into partnership with Phineas Miller formerly of Connecticut, but then of Georgia, and husband of Mrs. General Greene, after the General's decease. In the partnership they agreed to share all the profits and advantages to be derived from patenting and manufacturing, vending or working the new machines for cleaning cotton. On June 20, 1792, Mr. Whitney presented his petition to Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State at Philadelphia, the seat of the Federal Government, for a patent. In a letter to Mr. Jefferson, who took a deep interest in the invention, foreseeing its great advantage to the South, Mr. Whitney said:

"Within about ten days after my first conception of the plan, I made a small though imperfect model."

Encouraged by successful experiments, he determined to enlarge the machine. To do this he left Georgia and quitted the study of the law, in which he was engaged, while incited to this great effort by his patroness, Mrs. Greene, and established a manufactory of cotton-gins at New-Haven, Connecticut. This enlarged machine was much smaller than those now in use. The cylinder was only two feet two inches in length and six inches in diameter. This was turned by hand, and required the strength of one man to keep it in constant motion. "It is the stated task," says Mr. Whitney, "of one negro to clean fifty weight of ginned "cotton from the green seed kind in a day." At the close of 1793 Whitney was to return with his gins to Georgia, where the planting of cotton had been largely increased in anticipation of separating fifty pounds a day from the seed by one of these new Yankee contrivances.

Previously all the cotton had been separated from the seed by the fingers, the task for a negro women being one pound a day, and this of the black seed variety, to which lint does not adhere, as it does to the green seed, which is the kind known as upland or called Sea Island, and is not so productive as the other away from the sea coast.

An old gentleman of the name of Burden, on Edisto Island, S. C., related to us a few years ago a great deal of the early history of cotton-growing in that State. Mr. Burden states, that the first bale of cotton shipped from Charleston was in 1740. In 1794, he assisted his father to raise a crop of Sea Island Cotton, which sold for twenty-five cents a pound. There was then but one cotton buyer in that great cotton mart of the present day.

At that time it was the regular practice for all the family every night to devote themselves laboriously to picking and separating it from the seed. He remembered well what an excitement was caused by the news of the invention of Whitney's cotton-gin. Fortunes were predicted for the inventor and those who assisted him to perfect and introduce his new machine, which they would undoubtedly have acquired, but for the injustice done by the people of Georgia. A lawless mob of persons at Savannah, broke in and carried off the model and thus having obtained the secret of its construction, persons set about the manufacture of machines in defiance of Whitney's patent, and Georgia Courts decided that they had a right to do so, principally from the fact that the pirates made use of iron plates instead of wires to form the hooks, as in the original model, and that Whitney only used saws after he filed his petition and model for a patent, before which some of the Georgians had done the same thing. The decision however was mainly supported upon the ground that as the introduction of gins would open up boundless resources of wealth to the planters, it was too great a power to allow any one man a monopoly of the right to furnish them with machines by which alone they could make the production of cotton profitable. Thus was the inventor defrauded out of all advantages of his invention in that State. South Carolina did a little better. In 1801 the State agreed to give him fifty thousand dollars for the right to make gins in that State. "This," Mr. Whitney wrote, "is selling out my "right for a song, but it will enable Miller & Whitney "to pay all their debts and divide something between them." The introduction of the gin raised the value of cotton lands from 50 to 100 per cent. in all the cotton-growing States. In December, 1802, Mr. Whitney sold the right to make gins to the State of North Carolina, for an annual tax levied by the Legislature upon *every saw* employed in gining cotton, for 5 years, of two and six-pence (25 cents). Common sized gins had forty saws. This Mr. Whitney considered a liberal recompense, and the money was faithfully collected by the sheriffs and paid over to him. In 1803 the Legislature of Tennessee passed an act to pay a similar patent fee in that State, for four years, of thirty-seven and a-half cents a saw. In the meantime the Legislature of South Carolina repudiated their contract, leaving thirty thousand dollars unpaid, and suing Miller & Whitney for the twenty thousand already paid, upon the ground of invalidity in the right; owing to the constant exertions made by the Georgians to discredit Whitney as the original inventor, and particularly as he was not entitled to the improvement of saws over wire teeth, notwithstanding he proved that that was one of his original ideas. But it was claimed, and perhaps with truth, that one Hodgin Holmes made the first saw gin. It was on these grounds the Governor of Georgia, in his message to the Legislatnre in 1803, repudiated the idea of granting anything to Whitney for the invention of the cotton-gin. A committee reported in the same vein, and endeavoured to show that the saw gin had been in use forty years in Switzerland to pick rags, and that one Edward Lyon had a miniature machine in his possession in Georgia before Whitney made his model. They also talked about the "oppression to the South" of such a patent monopoly, and asked Congress to repeal or modify the law, or else pay Whitney for his patent, and throw it open for the benefit of the cotton-growing States.

Popular prejudice was now excited by the sordid motive of making money by growing cotton, against paying anything for the privilege of using Whitney's patent, and Tennessee followed the example of South Carolina in repealing the law. In the session of 1804, the sober second thought of South Carolina came back to her, and the Legislature restored the inventor of the cotton-gin to his right. The committee reported their full belief that Whitney was the original inventor, and he furnished two models of his gin, of such perfect construction that a forty-saw gin could be turned with the hopper full of cotton, as easy as a common grindstone.

Mr. Miller died December, 1803, leaving Whitney to contend alone with the manifold difficulties which had constantly beset him since his first effort to produce a machine which has done so much to improve and civilize the world.

In 1807 he obtained a decree in the United States Court, in Georgia, fully confirming him as the original inventor of the gin. Upon this point the evidence was conclusive, but it did not stop the pirates upon his right, and the next session of the Court he had two more suits, recovering in both of them. But now, when justice had been obtained, after instituting sixty suits previously, his term of patent had nearly expired. The expenses and vexations of these numerous suits and disappointments would have discouraged any man but one who had a mind capable of conceiving the idea, and with his own hands, almost without tools, within ten days, producing a model of a machine which has stood as the model of all the cotton-gins built in sixty-five years, to clean the many millions of bales which have been since produced in this country.—*Tribune*.

FURTHER AGGRESSIONS OF THE SLAVE POWER.

Bro. Boynton: We are here enduring another of those trials incident to the Free Church movement in Slave States.

One of our most active members, James B. Cripps, has been thrown into prison, where he now lies awaiting his trial. His arrest was as follows: Early last week, a slaveholder went to the house of a Mr. C., who is a dissipated man, but who often attended the Free Church and whose wife is a member. At the time, C. was drunk. His wife says the slaveholders drank with him, and proposed to trade him a horse. She objected on the ground that her husband was drunk. That night the slaveholder's coloured woman, or that of his father (so says C.'s wife), came to C.'s house, sought admission—asked him "When are those negroes going to run off?" "What negroes?" said C. "Oh! you know," said the coloured woman. "Oh! about Christmas," replied C., "and if them that was caught not long since had taken my advice, they would never have been caught. But I don't care."

The slaveholder and another man were lying around the house, eaves-dropping. Soon C. was arrested for an attempt to entice away slaves, and these eaves-droppers appeared as witnesses. C. was convicted and thrown into prison. He is subject to seasons of fright after a debauch. His fears were appealed to. His wife says he told her, "they told me my only chance was to turn State's evidence against some one." Bro. Cripps heard him say to his wife, "Ask the lawyer, if I turn State's evidence, whether I will need a lawyer?" He turned. He criminated Bro. Cripps and three free coloured men, saying they told him he had helped away some certain slaves. At the time of the principal charge against Bro. Cripps, he (Cripps) was in Pennsylvania. He was sent as a delegate from this county to the convention of the Free Democracy, which met at Pittsburgh. From thence he went to visit friends in Pennsylvania. He is an active, talking, bold, Anti-Slavery man, and therefore hated by the slave power. He has a sprightly mind, and we believe an honest heart. He is a mechanic, industrious, but his employment is limited to those who are Anti-Slavery. He has made much sacrifice for principle, or righteousness's sake. Bro. Cripps and the coloured men can ill spare the time and money necessary to be expended in imprisonment and defence. His friends here who attend to his trial and wants are also heavily taxed.

Slavery seeks to enslave the white man as well as the black. It must fall—or we must be enslaved. We trust, however, that this is but one of the many events which shall serve to awaken the people of the slave States to the unreasonable aggressions of the slave power.

Surely that must be a nefarious, wicked, despairing institution that needs to be protected by such an ignoble, dastardly subterfuge as the above.

John G. Fee.

Bethesda ch., Bracken Co., Ky., Nov. 14, 1853.

P. S.—Nov. 18: Bro. Cripp has been bailed out, and one of the coloured men acquitted.—*Christain Press*.

Self-Emancipationists.—On last Saturday morning a little company, consisting of six fugitives from the land of chains and thumb-screws, landed at this depot of the Underground railroad. They were formerly kept and worked as the property of Rev. Mr. Jackson, near Memphis, in the State of Tennessee. On the same day fifteen more more came in on the express train of the above road. These were mostly able-bodied men from the State of Missouri—cruelly held and treated as property by "*respectable farmers*." Four more have landed at this depot since the above lot—the latter were from Kentucky; and moreover we are informed by our correspondent at Amherstburg, Canada West, that forty more, all in one company, landed at that depot of the above road one day this week—and every man of whom was "armed to the teeth" with deadly weapons with which to defend what the American people counted in 1776 dearer than human life. All of these too have come up out of great tribulations, in defiance of the Fugitive Slave Act; and all of whom have been safely over the Underground railroad to Canada without the least difficulty. This road is doing a safe and prosperous buisness this fall. No man who wishes to invest capital in railroad stock can do better than to take stock in this prosperous company. Our trains never come in collision with each other—our conductors are always sober, wide-awake and on the look out.

Now, in behalf of our liberty-loving country and in the name of British freedom, we bid these refugees welcome to our hospitable shores; and we would most respectfully invite them immediately to take the oath of allegiance to this government, that will ever protect them in the enjoyment of that liberty which the President of the United States with all of his posse, have pledged themselves to crush out of the friends of liberty in that slaveholding Republic.—*Voice of the Fugitive*.

William Alexander.—We had the pleasure, this morning, of a call from this young man, whose singular escape from a court room in Cincinnati, a few days ago, our readers will remember (Mr. Alexander was called "Lewis" in the trial).

He explains his saying that he wanted to go back to Kentucky. The Deputy Marshals, Black and Dryden, came and took him from the jail, and told him it would be much better for him to say he was home-sick and wanted to go back; and that if he did so, he would not be sold down the river, and the like: so he did as they desired him. For he knew if they took him over to his old home, he could run away when he liked.

Mr. A. is a very fine, intelligent looking man, probably 21 years old. He had lived five years with Marshall, the man who claimed to own him. Was probably about 13 when Marshall bought him from a distant part of Kentucky. He knows nothing of his kindred, only that he was told that his mother had died not long after he went to live on Marshall's plantation. Marshall is a nephew of the notorious Tom Marshall.

The following Bill of Lading will give "our Southern brethren" an idea how business is transacted on the Underground Railroad. The line is wholly managed by coloured people, and chiefly by Fugitives. Among the stockholders, however, we are assured there are many white men who stand high in favour with the South. The head may consent to lie for the sake of office when the heart declines to follow suit. Senator Bird was not unique in his inconsistencies. Here is the bill.

BILL OF LADING.

U. G. R. R. Office, ——, 1853.

Freight.................................145 lbs.

Valued at..................................$1,000

Consigned to the care of a kind Providence, for Canaan.

D.

Freight agent and Director U. G. R. R.

To H. B. or J. T. H., C. W.

We learn from a private note from a Freight Agent, that the Southern end of the road is sending forward a good deal of freight just now, and business promises to be brisk during the winter. The freezing of the Ohio is looked forward to as likely to increase the value of "chattels" going North. The agent desires us to say, "this line has never met with an accident."—*Voice of the Fugitive*.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1853.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES,

AT THE

BROADWAY TABERNACLE,

New York, 1853-'54.

The New York Anti-Slavery Society (auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society), believing the present time to be eminently favourable for a full and free discussion, in this city, of the great question of

AMERICAN SLAVERY,

has made arrangements for a Course of Anti-Slavery Lectures, to be delivered on each successive TUESDAY EVENING, beginning December 13th, and closing March 7th, in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE.

In order that the subject may be presented in all its aspects, political, moral, social and religious, and with fairness towards all earnest-minded friends of the cause, the Society has engaged the services of the eminent champions of Freedom whose names, together with the times when they are severally expected to appear, are given below:

1. Hon. John P. Hale,........	Tuesday evening,		Dec. 13.
2. Hon. John G. Palfrey,......	"	"	" 20.
3. Hon. Joshua R. Giddings,...	"	"	" 27.
4. Mr. C. Lenox Remond,.......	"	"	Jan. 3.
5. John Jay, Esq.,............	"	"	" 10.
6. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher,	"	"	" 17.
7. Miss Lucy Stone,..........	"	"	" 24.
8. Hon. Horace Greeley,......	"	"	" 31.
9. Rev. Wm. H. Furness,........	"	"	Feb. 7.
10. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Esq.,..	"	"	" 14.
11. Rev. Theodore Parker,......	"	"	" 21.
12. Wendell Phillips, Esq.,....	"	"	" 28.
13. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq.	"	"	Mar. 7.

Terms of Admission.

Gentleman's Season Ticket..............	$2 00
Lady's " "	1 00
One Admission for a Gentleman or Lady........	25
One Admission for a Gentleman and Two Ladies......	50

☞ Tickets at C. S. Francis & Co.'s, No. 212 Broadway, opposite the Park; at Roe Lockwood & Son's, No. 411 Broadway; at T. J. Crowen's, No. 599 Broadway, near Houston; at L. H. Embree's, No. 134 Bowery; at Fowlers & Wells's, No. 131 Nassau street; at the Anti-Slavery Office. No. 142 Nassau street, up stairs; and at the door of the Tabernacle on Tuesday evenings.

Lectures commence at 7½ o'clock—doors open at 6½ o'clock.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

Oliver Johnson, Chairman.

ABOLITIONISM AND FREE-SOILISM.

We have always had a great regard for the Free-Soilers. In this, we believe, we agree with the great mass of the Garrisonians, not excepting him from whom we derive our name. To be sure, they have sometimes thought that we have had odd ways of manifesting our affection. But they should remember that correction, however salutary, is seldom pleasant, and recollect what their schoolmaster used to say in like circumstances, that they would thank him for it the longest day they had to live. If we have ever had occasion to chasten our Free Soil disciples, it was because we loved them—because we would have them grow up into the stature of perfect Abolitionism. We always knew that there must be forms of political Anti-Slavery. It was a condition many persons must pass through in order to get a good Anti-Slavery constitution; something like the diseases of childhood, which leave the patient all the better, not for having had them, but for having gotten over them. But we have never wished that any of them should remain forever under those conditions; by no means—any more than we would have a promising child grow up under a favourable eruption of measles or to live to old age in a chronic whooping-cough. We are well aware that there is an hereditary taint in the blood of almost all native-born Americans which makes them the more liable to this form of disease, and which makes it much more obstinate and difficult of treatment. But we have always been inclined to regard those that took the complaint in a Free Soil atmosphere as much more likely to come well through it.

It would seem a little odd were it not that this malady, like most attacks of a febrile character, produces a slightly disordered state of the brain—it would seem a little odd but for this, that its subjects should wish to prevail on those of their friends who enjoy perfect health to be inoculated with the disease, and so to join their company. But we really think we are uncommonly well as we are, and have not the slightest wish for the excitement of their estate. We must confess that we do not see as yet any adequate motive held out, in the practical results of the party (to drop our morbid imagery), to induce us to change a ground which we have tried and find quite strong enough to stand under us. They did succeed, in 1848, in feeding fat the grudge of the Van Burens, and in defeating the election of Gen. Cass. This last was, certainly, a consummation most devoutly to be wished. But, unluckily, it was counterbalanced by the ugly circumstance that it procured the election of Gen. Taylor. A Northern Doughface was defeated for the benefit of a Southern Sugar-planter, the hero of a War for the Annexation of Slave territory. This was not a political result to win us over to the philosophy of Anti-Slavery political action; for we could not, for the life of us, see in what way it promoted the Anti-Slavery Cause. And in the several States, we did not see much to encourage us. In Massachusetts, to be sure, they helped make a hunker Democrat Governor for two years, and obtained a few loaves and fishes of a very small size, but not big enough to tempt us. And this year, the Whigs have rode triumphantly over them and re-entered their inheritance and established the foothold they had accidentally got, last year.

We do not say these things in any spirit of exultation. Far from it. We should have rejoiced most heartily in the defeat of the Whigs, and should have been most happy to see Mr. Wilson Governor of Massachusetts. But we could not have regarded it as an Anti-Slavery triumph as long as it could only be effected by the votes of Slave-catching Democrats. It would have been an Anti-Whig victory, and so far very good; but in no sense an Anti-Slavery one. Not that we violently condemn the Coalition, under the circumstances. Coalition is a necessity of Politics. Politics is the Science of Compromise, and Coalition is one of the ways in which the Science is reduced to practical use. The prospect of some sort of success is essential to the existence of a political party. It dwindles, peaks and pines as soon as the sunshine of Hope is withdrawn from its countenance. So, if Politics be good as a means of Anti-Slavery, then Coalition is not bad as a necessary part of it. One might as philosophically condemn flogging and keeping the Slaves in ignorance while admitting that Slavery is a right and good thing. "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live," was a very logical position of Shylock, the Jew. If you must have your Political Party, your must have the means which shall make it a living soul. If you sell a man a piece of land, the law implies that you sell him the necessary right of way to get at it. But the mischief is of all such coalitions of good and evil, that the evil is almost certain to overbear the good and to get the upper hand of it. We do not mean as to the mere division of "the spoils," but as to the prominency given to the principles. The worser part must be conciliated, or, at least, not driven away. And, therefore, prudence must be used in the statement of unpleasant truths. And, as yet, we believe that the truths of Anti-Slavery are not precisely the ones which the people love to hear.

Our Free Soil friends tell us that our Philosophy is visionary and our Method absurd. Is it so, or not? What excites the idea of Absurdity when we regard any Moral effort? The disproportion of means to ends, is it not? You propose to persuade the people to Dissolve the Union, says the Free Soiler, a most absurd and preposterous proposition. You propose, we retort, to elect an Anti-Slavery President, a much more absurd and preposterous undertaking. When you succeed in electing your President, yea, or the Governor of the very smallest of the States, by strictly Anti-Slavery votes, we will engage that the people will be quite ripe for a Dissolution of the Union. You may, possibly, by uniting with grossly pro-slavery men, succeed in getting partial possession of the offices of a State or two; but your expectations of revolutionizing the politics of the country and doing even what you propose to yourselves, the limitation and not the abolition of Slavery, seem to us quite as chimerical as ours can to you, even admitting that your statement of our position is correct. Whenever the majority of the people are resolute to oppose the aggressions of Slavery and to elect a President pledged to abolish Slavery in the District and Territories and the Internal Slave Trade, we shall then have a people determined to be rid of Slavery—or, if that cannot be done, to be rid of Slaveholders and of all connection with them; in other words, for a Dissolution of the Union. We hold that it is much more philosophical and reasonable to expect to get the People up to this point, by keeping the single question of Slavery, its Relations and Issues, before them, than by going into a scramble with them for such spoonsful of pap as the State Treasuries may have to dispense.

The difficulty with the Free Soilers is that they, in their haste, are for putting the cart before the horse. We, on the contrary, are for breaking in the horse so that he may in due fulness of time draw the cart kindly and voluntarily in the way it should go. We do not precisely propose to ourselves the Dissolution of the Union as a definite object. We tell the Nation that we regard its Constitution of government as one which, as Christians, as honest men, and as gentlemen, we can have nothing to do with, in the way of executing it, by ourselves or our attorneys, or of swearing to support it in person or by deputy, either with or without the intention of keeping our oaths. We sustain the position by showing how the Constitution was designed to support and comfort Slavery, and how it actually does it, by setting before the People their guilt in thus entering into a compact with men-thieves and agreeing to help them in their business, and at the same time the inevitable punishment which is waiting and must wait forever upon their crime. Now there is nothing absurd in this plan of operations, because it is sufficient for its purposes. When Garrison stood up alone before the entire American Nation and defied it, as Prometheus defied Jove, and told it that he was going to abolish Slavery, nobody saw anything absurd in it, and Georgia offered a Reward of Five Thousand Dollars (still good) for his head. But an Anti-Slavery political party of one or two hundred thousand in the face of three or four millions of pro-slavery voters *is*, we will not say absurd, but eminently inadequate to its end. The one is competent to do what he undertook, by the means he proposed to use, and the other is not. Moral means must precede political, and those are the means we are using. The seed of Revolutions (and the Abolition of Slavery will be one, whether in form or not) must be sown before the harvest can be reaped. We are preparing the soil and scattering abroad the seed. Our Free Soil friends would have us brandish the sickle in their company. But the time of the harvest is not yet. When the field is white, there will be no lack of reapers. Ours is a humbler but a more necessary work. It is the work which has had to be done before every Revolution that the world has ever known, and we are content to do it. It seems to us the more excellent way.

—Q.

GERRIT SMITH.

This devoted and self-sacrificing friend of universal humanity, and his no less devoted wife, after spending a week or more in New York, departed for Philadelphia, *en route* for Washington, on Monday last. Mr. Smith, while here, was under medical treatment for the disease commonly called rush of blood to the head, and which, unless seasonably arrested, might lead to confirmed apoplexy. His numerous friends will be glad to learn that his symptoms, during his stay here, were such as to afford reasonable ground for hope of a speedy cure. We also hope that he may be able to take his seat in Congress at the opening of the session on Monday next, but shall not be surprised if he deems it more in accordance with the dictates of prudence to delay for some days the commencement of his Congressional duties

Mr. Smith will make his advent in Washington as the Messiah of a new Dispensation in the Politics of the country. He will occupy ground on which no other member of Congress has ever set his foot. Hitherto the friends of freedom in that body have worn their Constitutional obligations as an iron garment that hampered their souls, causing them to stumble at every step and compelling them to speak with a hesitating, stammering tongue; but Mr. Smith is a sincere and earnest believer in the doctrine that Slavery has no foothold and no recognition in the Constitution; that the system is in its very nature piratical, and therefore incapable of legalization, and that the Government is solemnly bound to wield all its powers to suppress it in every part of the country. Advocating this doctrine, he must repudiate all compromises, and raise an issue with the Slave Power and its allies more vital than any that has ever before been presented to them. That he will be faithful to his convictions, we cannot doubt; and, whatever may be the effects of his Constitutional logic, his moral heroism, his deep sincerity and earnestness, his social accomplishments, and his Christian and philanthropic spirit, cannot fail to win for him the respect of his opponents. The slaveholders may, and doubtless will, denounce and hate, but they cannot despise him. They may cripple his movements and fetter his tongue at times by Parliamentary precedents and rules, but they cannot wholly silence him; still less can they divest his words of the moral power which ever attends the honest and fearless proclamation of the truth.

It is needless to say that Mr. Smith's interpretation of the Constitution differs essentially from ours; but, having the most entire confidence in the sincerity of his convictions, we rejoice that he is about to enter an arena where his views will not only be widely proclaimed, but brought to a direct issue before the country and the world—an issue involving the whole question of Slavery as connected with the past history, the present condition and the future prospects of the nation. He will be environed by circumstances that will put his courage, his patience and his devotion to principle to new and severe tests; but he will have the warm sympathy of thousands of the best spirits of the age, and, what is still better, be cheered continually by the smiles of that God who has given us his pledge that every yoke shall be broken, every chain severed, every soul disenthralled!

—The Philadelphia *Daily Register* notices Mr. Smith's arrival in that city in the following terms:

This gentleman, accompanied by Mrs. Smith, is now in our city, on his way to Washington, to be present at the opening of the next Congress, of which it is generally known he is a member. Being a man of great wealth, Mr. Smith has *purchased* a dwelling-house in Washington, for his residence during his term. He was preceded, a few days ago, by his son-in-law, Mr. Miller, and his lady, who will reside with Mr. S., and who go forward to get the house ready for their occupancy.

Many of Mr. Smith's friends—and very honourably to him, they are not confined to what are called the *higher* classes—think, with entire sincerity, that he will be in danger of personal violence at Washington. On this score we have not the slightest apprehension. The conciliatory manners, the noble presence and great intelligence of Mr. Smith will bring around him troops of friends, and we think it altogether probable many of the very members who have been deemed the most inimical to him. Indeed, we never knew a case in which the sentiment so well-known to everybody, "a gentlemen *will* not not insult him—no other *can*," was more applicable.

But we do not so highly estimate *official* society as to suppose that no coarse or offensive language will be used towards Mr. Smith by the rowdies of Congress, for rowdyism sometimes gains admittance even there, as well as to other places, where it does not fairly belong. But Mr. S. has too much respect for himself to descend into the low grounds to which coarse words would invite him. They will cease, too, when he comes to be better known, and, at all times, will be discouraged by the more polished and refined of the body to which he belongs.

Few men have been more misunderstood than Mr. Smith. Because he has been active and prominent on a few subjects, compared with the many he may soon have before him, some would seem to think that on others he is, in a good measure, uninformed. This is far from being the case, and the fact of his being elected by a large majority over the regularly nominated candidates of the two other parties—by a constituency, too, that do not go with him on the subjects by which he has been most known abroad—would be a very decisive proof, to the reflecting mind, of the excellency of his character, and of his high grade of intelligence on all subjects that can concern us as a community. One who to good native mental powers has added the industrious improvement of them, has, in our mind, already laid the foundation of excellence in any matter to which he may direct those powers, and on which he earnestly exercises them. To the very observing, indeed, there is some connection among all subjects proper for legislation—some common grounds on which they can be illustrated, or supported, or defeated. No one will see these quicker than Mr. Smith, and no one will more fearlessly announce them; and few, we think, can more powerfully exhibit them.

The New Congress assembles on Monday next. The Slave Democracy having a large majority in both Houses, we expect its proceedings to be marked by the most abject servility to the Administration and the Slave Power, the former being the supple tool of the latter and ready to do any dirty job which it may prescribe. The tame submission of the North to the so-called Compromise of 1850 has emboldened the slaveholders to make still further encroachments upon the spirit of Liberty and to push forward their schemes for the aggrandizement and perpetuation of Slavery with a recklessness hitherto unknown. But some of the Northern leaders of the dominant party are timid and and anxious in respect to the future. Ready to sacrifice every principle of righteousness and every impulse of humanity for the sake of office and power, they are yet afraid that the overmastering insolence of the slaveholders may carry the party beyond the line of prudence and awaken a sentiment of resistance in the Northern States which no political management can allay or control, and which will hurl them from their seats of influence and authority. They will find that the master to whose service they are bound will tolerate no half-hearted, reluctant devotion, and that their halting protestations will be answered only by the political scourge, which the slaveholders so well know how to ply upon their cringing tools. Having accepted the Baltimore Platform, it is too late for them to urge any further scruples as to the schemes which the Slave Power may propose for the promotion of its diabolication ends.

We venture the prediction, notwithstanding "agitation" has been a thousand times declared to have come to an end, that questions relating to Slavery will occupy the largest share of the debates of the New Congress. Such questions will be forced upon the country by the machinations of the slaveholders, however anxious Northern doughfaces may be to evade them. Giddings, Smith, Chase, Sumner and others will not lack opportunities for the fullest presentation of whatever of Anti-Slavery there may be in their hearts; and there is a good deal in them in spite of the paralytic qualifications imposed upon all except Mr. Smith by their Constitutional oaths. We need not say that we shall carefully watch the proceedings of the body and give our readers such reports as our limits will allow of whatever relates to the great question of the age.

Another Straw, showing which way the wind blows.—The *Central Christian Herald*, a Presbyterian paper, published in Cincinnati, may be ranked with that large class of journals which, if they were to define the quantity and quality of their Abolitionism as frankly as Haley, the purchaser of Uncle Tom, disclosed his "conscience" to Mr. Shelby, would say, with him, "*Why, as to that, we reckon we've just about as much of it as suits our line of business.*" Nothing is more natural than that such a paper should mingle its rejoicings with those of the *Colonization Herald*, *Christian Press*, and *British Banner*, on finding its own hypocritical cry of "infidel" against faithful Abolitionists echoed by one who, weary of the cross, has "lifted up his heel" against his former associates. We were not surprised, therefore, to find in its columns the following article:

Infidel Anti-Slavery.—We have spoken heretofore of the spirit of Garrisonism, and expressed our respect for those who have refused to co-operate with it, preferring to war against Slavery in the spirit and with the weapons of the Gospel. Some of the best Anti-Slavery papers and Anti-Slavery men have been read out of the party, and classed with that dark multitude, of every shade of opinion, whom the "out-and-outers" honour with the indiscriminate title of "pro-slavery."

Among these martyrs, Frederick Douglass, the eloquent fugitive, must now be enrolled. He has too much reverence for the Bible to come up to the Parker and Garrison ideas of freedom. We are glad that this process of excommunication is going on. We think it will result in great good. Many have been accustomed to associate Anti-Slavery with skepticism, socialism and woman's rights. And they have had cause hitherto. But now Christian men, who hate oppression, and are labouring for the oppressed, seem determined to rally around the Bible. And in this union they will find a strength that they have not had while trying to act with elements so discordant.

We may differ from the brethren who have devoted themselves especially to this Anti-Slavery cause, in regard to many matters; and when we do, we shall tell them of it plainly, but kindly. If they, in turn, abuse us, and our Church, and the societies that we love, we shall try to bear it meekly, remembering how recent is their separation from the men alluded to at the commencement of this article, and hoping that, under the influence of better associations, they will, ere long, begin to manifest a different spirit.

But we only intended to chronicle the martyrdom of Douglass, and not to write an editorial on Slavery.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY WATCHMAN.

"*The Anti-Slavery Watchman; a Magazine of English and American Abolitionism.*"

Such is the title of a new monthly periodical, the first number of which has just reached us from London. A vignette upon the title page represents Jesus holding a cross in his left hand, his right uplifted over a kneeling slave, a whip at his feet, and a tyrant shrinking in dismay as he reads the announcement which encircles the head of the Great Emancipator: "I come to break the bonds of the oppressor." On the same page stand these words of George Thompson: "The American Slave is an animated hoeing-machine in the field; a pampered or a scourged hound in the house; a dumb chattel in the Court of Justice; a leper in the house of prayer; an outcast even from the American churchyard." The matter of the publication is excellent, and our readers will not wonder at this when we inform them that Rev. F. W. Chesson, whose communications to various English journals and to the *Wesleyan* in this country we have often copied, is understood to be the editor. The article which we have copied on the first page will show the character of the work, whose principles and objects are still more distinctly presented in the following

ADDRESS.

As is customary on occasions like the present, we will proceed to describe the reasons of the appearance of this publication, and the principles upon which it will be conducted. Our readers will, of course, be aware of the existence of several Anti-Slavery Papers in this country, which have rendered most efficient service to the cause of Emancipation in America. None deserve more honourable mention, or more extensive support, than the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, and the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*—the former the property of a few talented and indefatigable Abolitionists whose views are based upon a thorough knowledge of the Slavery question; the latter the accredited organ of "The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society." But still we think there is room for another periodical of this kind, which may, perhaps, find its way into channels which have not yet been occupied by our excellent contemporaries. This much is certain, that the people of the manufacturing districts, in whose midst we write, are remarkably apathetic with regard to American Slavery, seeing that their most vital interests depend on its speedy extinction; and we should, therefore, think it worth while to issue this paper, were it only for the purpose of endeavouring to enlist their sympathies, in the cause whose advocates we are.

Public attention is now being directed to the existence of Negro Slavery in the United States, more than it has ever been before. A feeling of just indignation, and abhorrence, at the maintenance of so foul a system in a professedly Christian Republic, has thrilled through the heart of the British Nation. The progress that this nation is making in civilization, and a knowledge of human rights; the labours of those friends of humanity who have been seeking to arouse an Anti-Slavery feeling in the country for years past; the toil and suffering of the American Abolitionists in their sacred work; and the frightful atrocities of the "peculiar institution" itself, have all contributed to evoke this great and noble moral sentiment. But as yet, this sentiment has not assumed that practical form which alone can make it terrible to slaveholders. "The Soul Merchants" care not for the opinion of mankind, as long as their unholy traffic is not endangered by it. The men who defy the laws of God are indifferent to the voice of man when it is unaccompanied by corresponding action. Our paper is, therefore, published with the view, mainly, of supplying such facts, and information, as will show what the British people can do towards the overthrow of American Slavery.

We wish it to be distinctly understood at the outset, that the *Anti-Slavery Watchman* is the organ of no Society; it is simply the property of two or three friends of the slave, who are desirous of promoting his cause. Our utterances will always be honest and outspoken; we shall speak the truth in plain terms, and shall take care not to adopt the advice of some who think that for expediency's sake, we should address the slaveholder as if he were an honest man. The suppression of any part of the truth only weakens a good cause, and were we to keep it back in this particular, our opponents would but laugh at us for our politeness.

Satisfied that the American Churches are "the Bulwarks of Slavery," we shall carefully exhibit their dark treachery to Christ—the foe of tyrants—and to His brethren who are in chains. We shall expose the imposture of the mean and cowardly cry of "Infidelity," raised by pro-slavery *professing* Christians against the thorough Abolitionists, with a view to damage the Anti-Slavery cause, and to repel members of Churches from connection with it; and we shall show that they who raise this cry are the *true* infidels, and the worst enemies of the Gospel. We shall prove that in the name of Christ they blasphemously seek to justify all the horrors of the middle passage, and all the iniquities of Slavery; and that they have the treachery of Judas, and are more thoroughly infidel than Voltaire.

We shall expose the principles, and describe the movements, of the pro-slavery ministers who visit this country, and warn British Christians of their true character. Such persons in times past, with the craftiness of serpents, have sought to infuse the poison of their opinions into the public mind of this country, by talking of the difficulties attending the Abolition of Slavery; the Christianity of the slaveholders; the value of Slavery as a means of converting the negro race; the happiness and contentment of the slaves; and "the violence" and "infidelity" of the "rabid Abolitionists." While amongst us, many of them have thus fought the battles of the Slave Power, and slandered and misrepresented the *real* opponents of the "peculiar institution," in a borrowed Anti-Slavery garb, and, by assuming this false character, they have perpetrated much mischief, especially among the religious bodies. When, therefore, the Clerical supporters, and apologists for Slavery reach this country, we shall endeavour to let the world know what they are, before they have time to exercise an evil influence.

We shall furnish accurate and reliable information respecting the various Anti-Slavery parties of America, and point out those which, by their consistent and faithful course, are the most worthy of British sympathy and support. Believing that the Anti-Slavery platform should be as "broad as humanity," we shall animadvert upon the spirit of sectarianism, when it manifests itself in the Anti-Slavery ranks. We pity the narrow-mindedness of that man who refuses to co-operate with another in the overthrow of the monstrous curse of Slavery, because they do not belong to the same sect, or because they hold different opinions on certain theological points. When this "I am holier than thou" position interferes with the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause, it shall be our duty to expose and denounce it as self-righteous, and pharisaical.

Having thus briefly stated some of our objects, and principles, we would respectfully request the earnest and active support of our readers; we trust that they will not only help the Anti-Slavery movement by aiding us, but engage in those practical operations which we shall from time to time point out. And while they are occupied in their labours, let them not falter or be discouraged; but rather let them have faith in their principles, which come from God, and which, therefore, will be blessed by Him. And we trust that they will believe with William Lloyd Garrison, that "it is more "than probable that the world will soon witness an-"other moral restoration, for Truth, like our Saviour, "may be scourged, and crucified, and buried, and the "tomb may be sealed, and a watch set; but it has a "Divine energy in itself, that will burst the cerements "of the grave, and reign triumphant over death." They who feel and believe these almost prophetic words will be inspired with the irresistible and Christ-like courage that God's own Truth alone can give.

Our readers will perceive that the new Magazine is completely non-sectarian in its spirit and plans, and that it condemns in the strongest terms the efforts of half-hearted Anti-Slavery and whole-hearted pro-slavery men to blast the influence of leading American Abolitionists by the false cry of "infidel." This being so, it was with some surprise that we read in its pages the following announcement:

Mr. Hemming's Mission.—The Rev. Frederick Hemming, an agent of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, has recently been lecturing in Manchester, and is now actively prosecuting his labours in other parts of the country, with a view to raise £4,000 with which the above Society purposes prosecuting a general Anti-Slavery Mission in the Free States. He has (as we are informed) held several successful meetings in the Potteries.

Is it possible that the editor of the *Watchman* is ignorant of the fact, that the "American *and Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society" is controlled by a spirit inimical to the liberal principles and practice which that paper so warmly approves? Does it not know that the chief executive officer is a bitter hater of Garrison and of the American Anti-Slavery Society; that both at home and abroad he gives aid and comfort to the bigots who set up the cry of "infidel;" and that it was mainly through his management that the American Anti-Slavery Society was robbed and divided in 1840? Of Mr. Hemming we know nothing. He may be ignorant of the above facts, and acting in good faith; but if that portion of the Abolitionists of Great Britain, whose views of the Anti-Slavery platform are represented by the *Watchman*, intend helping him to raise £4,000, to be disbursed by the "American *and Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society," under the management of Lewis Tappan, it is right that they should be told that in so doing they will give strength to an organization which originated in a spirit at war with the catholicity of genuine

Abolitionism, and whose leading spirit has done all in his power to destroy the reputation of Mr. Garrison at home and abroad. If the friends of exclusive, sectarian, evangelical Anti-Slavery in Great Britain choose to raise a fund for the "American *and Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society," we have no objection; but when that Society makes its appeal for aid to all classes of Abolitionists, upon non-sectarian grounds, and seeks to hide its enmity to Garrison and his friends, it is guilty of an attempt to obtain money under false pretences. Disclaiming all fellowship of Mr. Garrison at home, its managers should be honest enough not to attempt to swindle his friends abroad.

Of course, we acquit the *Watchman* of all intended connivance with wrong in this matter. As we have already said, Mr. Hemming may be acting in good faith, and we know that the editor would not knowingly give countenance to anything designed or calculated to injure the cause of sound and catholic Anti-Slavery.

PARTY JEU D'ESPRIT.—The *Albany Argus*, the organ of the Adamantine wing of the Slavery Democracy, gives the Barnburners some pretty hard slaps in the face, and a few tormenting digs under the ribs, in the following instrument, which, though not exactly like anything that we ever saw in a Justice's Form Book, yet needs no explanation:

Deed of separation between the National Democrats and the Free Soilers and Soft Coalition.

"This indenture, made this 13th day of September, 1853, at a time that tests the honesty of men possessing Democracy, between the company composing the firm of Jefferson Democracy of the first part and the little crowd of dead weights, who, like vampires, have preyed upon the credit of said company composing the unincorporated firm of Barnburners, Soft Shells, short boy assassins, and New York thieves, of the second part; witnesseth that the said party for the first part and in consideration of a good riddance to them, duly paid, have discarded, and by these presents do forever discard and quit claim, all their title and interest of, in, and to that certain small parcel or moiety of respectability and integrity claimed for and belonging to one heretofore connected with said firm, to wit, Martin Van Buren, lying and being in the town of Sour Crout, county of Prince John, and State of Uncertainty.

"Bounded as follows: Commencing at a small post in the Baltimore Convention marked 'Revenge,' running thence to a veto of Slavery in the District of Columbia; thence in a westerly zigzag course towards Buffalo, until it strikes Ben Butler's tickle-straw; thence due north to British sympathy; thence southeasterly towards a gold spoon marked 'Ogle;' thence south (so as to leave the large lot known as the 'memory of Jackson' over the left); thence east to a pile of incendiary documents marked 'The Mail Bag;' thence north to a bass wood monument marked 'Traitor;' thence east down a deep declivity to the place of beginning, containing abolitionists, office-seekers, inconsistencies, any sort of broken pledges, &c., be the same more or less. Together with the appurtenances and all interests and claims whatever of the said parties of the first part, either in expectancy or otherwise, subject only to the condemnation of all lovers of their country. And the said party of the first part hereby covenant and agree to keep up in perpetual repair the fences that now surround the premises hereby conveyed a sufficient height to prevent all egress from the said premises.

"Witness our hand and seal the day and year above written. JEFFERSON DEMOCRACY,

"By Daniel S. Dickinson, their Attorney.

"Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of "GEORGE W. CLINTON."

"*County of Union for the Sake of Union, ss.*—On this the 13th day of September, 1853, before me came Daniel S. Dickinson, who is to me personally known as the agent of the first part, and acknowledged that he had executed the foregoing instrument as the act and deed of the Jefferson Democracy.

"JOHN C. MATHER,
"Canal Commissioner."

☞ The *Christian Inquirer* of last week contains, under the head of Editorial Correspondence, the following notice:

CINCINNATI, Nov. 12.

The *North American Review*, Oct. No., has published an article on Uncle Tom's Cabin and Slavery, which is exceedingly painful to one's moral sensibilities, and his intellectual common-sense. We are ready to look at the title-page and examine whether the place of publication is not St. Petersburg or Vienna, instead of Boston. It is too late in the day, we ween, to say that Slavery is not a violation of human rights, or that it is at all a parallel case to the condition of minors under their parents and guardians, or to suggest that there might be some system of modified Slavery introduced into the Northern States, to restrain the ignorant, and especially the emigrant population, and make them work better and behave more orderly!! If this writer is still so far in the dark ages that he has not found out, to use the words of De Quincey, that "man is as he is treated," we would recommend that he be put at school under Mr. Pease, at the New York Five Points, or on the United States sloop-of-war Germantown, where that fact will be elucidated to his understanding.

POULTRY AND PREJUDICE.—The Pennsylvania Poultry Society held a great exhibition one day last week in Philadelphia. Never before was there such a crowing in the Quaker City. Roosters of all colours, from raven black to purest white, flapped their wings and mingled their voices in a chorus such as Handel or Mozart never dreamed of; and matronly biddies, with feathers of various hue, met on terms of perfect equality to display their several charms and compete in the most friendly way for valuable prizes. But however unimportant the colour of the *fowls* may have been deemed, that of the exhibitors was, it seems, required to be of the Anglo-Saxon hue. Says the Philadelphia *Register*:

Several of the most valuable fowls were from the farm of Robert Purvis, of Byberry township, not exhibited by him, but purchased by men whose pure Anglo-Saxon blood enabled them to enter as competitors. For, strange to say, not only the chickens were required to be of certain races, but their exhibitors also. Whether this unprecedented requirement was owing to the desire of certain gentlemen to exclude a dangerous competitor, or to a most ferocious, unmasonic, unchristian prejudice, we do not know. It is enough that, take it as we may, the fact proves that men who profess to be Christians and gentlemen, do not blush to inflict, wantonly, a terrible insult upon one of our best farmers and most worthy citizens.

LECTURES IN NEW YORK.—We invite attention to the announcement in another column of a Course of Anti-Slavery Lectures, to be delivered in this city, the present winter. It will be seen that eminent speakers, representing the various phases of Anti-Slavery opinion, are engaged to present their views; and we trust that every friend of the cause will appreciate the importance of aiding in this effort to invigorate and extend the Anti-Slavery sentiment of New York. We entreat every Abolitionist to support the movement with energy and zeal. These lectures, if well supported, cannot fail to do a great deal of good. They will at least serve to convince the cotton politicians and divines that Anti-Slavery Agitation is not yet silenced.

GEN. CASS has met with another painful affliction in the death of his favourite grand-child, Lizzy Canfield, daughter of Capt. Canfield, at the age of ten years. She was well in the evening, reading a book, yet that same night Gen. Cass was awakened with the terrible intelligence that she was dying, and before daybreak she had breathed her last.

What would have been the emotions of Gen. Cass if his favourite grand-child, instead of dying sweetly in the arms of her mother, had been kidnapped and doomed to a life of Slavery? And what would have been his opnion of the kidnapper? The General has given his influence and his vote in favour of subjecting to this dreadful doom the children and grand-children of other men: how would he relish the same treatment applied to those who sustain those endearing relations to himself? The question needs no answer.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE HOMELESS.—The outcast children at the Five Points, through the agency of Mr. Pease and the managers of the Methodist Mission, were provided with an abundant repast on Thanksgiving day. The proprietors of the large hotels furnished a supply of provisions, which were dispensed by willing hands and benevolent hearts to the poor creatures who inhabit that place of misery and degradation. Considerable sums of money were also contributed to aid the efforts for the physical improvement and moral regeneration of the long-neglected children of want and crime.

JOHN MITCHELL, the leader of the Irish Revolution of 1848, having made his escape from Van Deiman's Land, arrived here, in the steamer Prometheus, from California, on Tuesday last. He was heartily welcomed by the multitude.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS has been invited by the students of the Western Reserve College to address their Literary Society at the next commencement. We learn from the *Forest City Democrat* that objections were urged against the appointment on the ground of "lack of talent, *infidelity*," &c.; but the opposition was of no avail. The students have done themselves honour. We have no doubt that Mr. Douglass will give them a discourse worthy of the occasion. However deficient he may be in point of literary culture, no one who has ever heard him can deny the power of his genius or the force of his eloquence. Such an appointment is valuable as a practical testimoney against complexional distinctions.

THE *Oberlin Evangelist* is casting its influence against the principle and practice of Secession from pro-slavery Churches. This fact excites surprise in some quarters, but it awakens no such feeling in our minds. We have known for several years past that a narrow spirit of Sectarianism was slowly but surely transforming Oberlin from a reformatory to a conservative position. Religious bigotry and soulless cant have become characteristics of that once progressive institution.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—The Atlantic arrived on Monday night with later news from Europe. The accounts from the seat of war are in some respects contradictory, but there is little room for doubt that the Turks have obtained a substantial victory in an important engagement. We shall receive further particulars soon.

A LITERARY AND ANTI-SLAVERY MAGAZINE is about to be started in Boston—so say the papers—by John P. Jewett & Co. Mrs. Stowe's name is mentioned as that of a contributer to its pages. How agitation dies away!

"FAITH AND INFIDELITY."—Such is the title of a Sermon from the pen of BERIAH GREEN, which his son, S. W. Green, has just published in this city. We have read it with great satisfaction. It is a long time since we have received anything from the pen or the lips of its eloquent author, and it is pleasant to find in these pages evidence that his mind has lost none of its pristine vigour, and his soul nothing of that earnest devotion to the right which characterized his early labours in the Anti-Slavery cause. Denounced by the popular church as an infidel, his services as a religious teacher are received with alacrity by a small but devoted band of Christians in Whitesboro, N. Y., where he resides. The discourse before us is original in thought and method. It pours the light of day upon the murky sinuosities of the theology which attempts to sanctify, by its hollow incantations, crimes at sight of which humanity shudders and weeps, and it defines with equal clearness the outlines of that pure Christianity which is the source of the world's brightest hopes and the pledge of its progress and redemption.

REV. LUTHER LEE'S SERMON on "Woman's Right to Preach the Gospel," delivered at the ordination of Rev. Antoinette L. Brown as Pastor of the Congregational Church in South Butler, N. Y., has been published in pamphlet form by the author. Mr. Lee states his propositions boldly, and defends them with an array of Scriptural argument that will be regarded by many as entirely satisfactory. The question is an important one, and it cannot be put down by clamours or sneers. Abolitionists settled it, virtually, for themselves, a dozen years ago, by conceding the right of woman to speak on the Anti-Slavery platform. Mr. Lee, we believe, was among those who thought that concession little less than an outrage upon public opinion, and who seceded from the American Anti-Slavery Society on that account. We congratulate him, most sincerely, that he has at last adopted more liberal and rational views.

THE NEW HYDROPATHIC COOK BOOK.—Fowlers & Wells have just published a book with this title, from the pen of Dr. R. T. TRALL, whose object was to present, in the smallest possible compass, a summary of the principles and facts in chemistry and physiology which apply to the philosophy of diet; and to furnish such as are not familiar with the details of cooking on hygienic principles, plain formulas for preparing an ample variety of dishes, with due regard to the laws of life and health. Dr. Trall is eminent as a practitioner and teacher of Water-Cure, and his views of Dietetics, as set forth in this work, will be found worthy of study.

"A HOME FOR ALL."—This is the title of a small volume, written by O. S. FOWLER, in which he attempts to show the superiority of the octagon over every other form of dwelling, and of the gravel-concrete wall over brick, stone or wood. Published by Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau street.

MR. PRIME AND THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

MR. EDITOR: I was rejoiced to see, in your last paper, the protest of the Adams (O.) Auxiliary Bible Society against the appointment of Rev. Mr. PRIME, Editor of the New York *Observer*, as delegate to the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Adams Society is a substantial, effective auxiliary, and it unquestionably speaks the sentiments of thousands of Bible Society members on the new trade of *Union-Saving* taken up by the gentlemen comprising the New York Board of Managers of the American Bible Society. It was not enough, it seems, to shock the feelings of pious Christians, that GARDINER SPRING, after acting as chaplain to the UNION SAFETY COMMITTEE, and co-operating and feasting with Hangman Foote—after his odious pro-slavery sermon—after his public exultation that the Fugitive law would drive the unhappy fugitives out of New York, should be selected to offer the prayers of the Society at its anniversary. Another proof of the devotion of these managers to Slavery must be given; and the Editor of the great religious (!) Northern pro-slavery organ, the reviler of Mrs. Stowe, the denouncer of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' as "*an anti-Christian book*," the bottle-holder of Joel Parker in his absurd assault upon Mrs. Stowe for a pretended libel on his precious character, with a claim of $20,000 damages, was selected by the Board to represent American Christianity on the platform of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Happily, this man's character was known in England, and so much indignation was manifested in the public journals there at this shameful appointment that he shrunk from appearing on the platform, under the plea of indisposition. I now, Sir, make an inquiry respecting this appointment, which the friends of the Bible cause have great reason to demand should be answered.

It may be recollected that, in the first instance, *three* respectable delegates were appointed, and a resolution was passed by the Board that *their expenses should be paid out of the funds of the Society*. Two of the delegates attended the meeting in London; the third did not accept the appointment. It was *after* the appointment of the three delegates that Mr. Prime was appointed. Did the resolution for paying the expenses of the three delegates apply to the *fourth*? Has any money been drawn from the treasury of the American Bible Society to pay Mr. Prime's expenses? or is any money for such a purpose to be hereafter drawn? Other auxiliaries besides the Adams are deeply interested in these inquiries; nay, a very large proportion of the contributors to the funds of the American Bible Society will be anxious for a response from the Managers or their Secretaries. Silence, on their part, may be dignified, but not wise. Most unfortunate is it that, at a time when the love of many is waxing cold, and infidelity is gathering strength, these Managers should, by their indiscretion, lead any to look upon the American Bible Society as a pro-slavery agency. If they would remedy the mischief they have already done, let them explain their conduct and disclaim the motives to which that conduct is naturally imputed. O.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in one of the early chapters of "My Novel," writes—"the stage-coach stopped at the inn, as was its wont, for a good hour, that its passengers might dine like Christian Englishmen — not gulph down a basin of scalding soup, like everlasting heathen Yankees, with that cursed railway whistle shrieking like a fiend in their ears."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

LUCERNE, 18th Aug., 1853.

Of all the Swiss lakes there is none other that possesses in so high and exquisite a degree the beauty of repose as the Lake of Constance, here called the Bodensee. How vividly I remember that silent summer day when I strolled out from Constance alone, and threw myself down under a group of trees on a green, turfy bank on the water-side, and, in a mood dreamy as that of a quietist, gazed far away over the slumbering mere! An almost invisible veil of haze hung over the pale, sea-green waters, and in the distance, marking the horizon, otherwise undistinguishable, a boat, manned by a single rower, glided across the field of vision noiselessly and like something seen in a dream! Not even a swell disturbed the quiet of the waters—

"the naiad 'mid her reeds,
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips."

The beauty of the Lake of Lucerne is precisely of the opposite character. Here all is wild and picturesque from the frowning Pilatus that, monk-like, his head almost forever mantled in its cloud hood, towers high above Lucerne, to the mountains with the snow-wreaths still lingering in their crevices, which embosom Fluelen, nestling in their shadows at the opposite extremity of the lake. It is seldom that one can enjoy elsewhere such a feast of beauty as is here within his reach every day. Elegant and commodious little steamboats are plying constantly over the lake; and if you choose to rise at half-past four in the morning, you can perform the whole tour of the lake in one day, having time to visit every point of importance along its shores. Such a trip I took one day shortly after my arrival here; but don't think I have restricted myself to one, for I have been staying here for nearly a month. I embarked on board the morning-boat, the graceful Vierwaldstatter, its sides ornamented with the richly-painted shields of the four forest-cantons, and the white cross of Switzerland in a red field gaily floating at the bow. How beautifully the prow cut through the clear green wave! Far away we glided over the water, leaving to the left the ruins of an old feudal castle, the birth-place of Rodolph of Hapsburg, now coasting along the base of a lofty mountain—in its very shadow—and now passing through a narrow and sunless gorge; which passed, a new scene of wilder beauty opened upon the view.

And then, if, after this tour and the indispensable ascent of the Righi, you are still unsatisfied and have in you something of the spirit of adventure, you may, with the condition of an unequivocal promise of fair weather on the following day, start off in the afternoon with your chosen friend, who, of course, is thoroughly at home in all the windings of the mountain ways, and commence the ascent of Pilatus. Travellers rarely undertake the ascent, and for several reasons. In the first place it is too difficult for any but one who is possessed of considerable firmness of tread and powers of endurance (it is, in some places, really dangerous); in the second place, as I have said, the gloomy Pilatus seldom doffs his hood; and lastly, though not least, in the estimation of the crowds of foreigners who annually pour into Switzerland, there is no hotel on the summit. But how amply was I repaid for the absence of the usual physical comforts. The tolling of the chapel-bell from the midst of the dark fir-forest half way up the mountain side, the pure, fresh air, and far, far up in the bosom of mountain-valleys, unseen from below, verdant and peaceful meadows visited only by the shepherd and his flock—all had their peculiar charm. I never before realized fully the beauty of the cowherd's song in Schiller's tragedy of William Tell:

"Ihr Matten lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnige Meiden;
Der sonne musz scheiden,
Der sommer est hin!"

Schiller, too, had been here and drank in this beauty, a beauty more fresh and wild than anything of the kind I had ever before conceived of. Then there were the strange Alpine flowers such as I had never seen before—how fortunate I was! my friend, Herr R., was thoroughly at home with the Swiss Flora—and higher still on the cliffs above us the ioling of the goat-herd, and deep in the valleys beneath the mountain-horn. Sometimes two of the shepherds would answer each other with that wild and peculiar music which they have so well named *ioling*, and the Lady Echo would repeat their notes from her cavern.

We slept in a shepherd's hut and partook of his mountain-fare, the coarse brown bread—how sweet it tasted!—the rich milk and the delicious cheese which the people call *zieger*, simply; *ziegerkase* they find too long and inconvenient. We rose early next morning and resumed the ascent. And now high among the cliffs we gathered the Alpine roses, as the shepherds call the beautiful little Rhododendron which grows in clusters in the clefts of the rocks, and rare flowers which have no name except in the manual of the student. Of the magnificent scene which bursts upon the vision when the summit is gained, hill and dell, lake and wilderness, far away in the distance the long white line of the mountains of Berne, I will attempt no description; none but the painter can do them justice.

Happy and instructive days are these passed on the shores of the Vierwaldotettersee. After a pleasant stroll with Adolf in the meadows, gathering the forget-me-nots and the *Wasenblumli*, as he calls the daisies in his pretty dialect, I seat myself in the porch of the Swiss cottage, with my good friend Herr W., and listen to his clear and satisfactory explanations of the political relations of his country, and the difficulties through which she has passed. He was a pupil and friend of Zschokke, and is thoroughly imbued with the principles of that good man.

The study of the civil and social relations of a people is always interesting; especially so, to me, is that of this little section shut in by her lakes and mountains, and protected by them, from age to age, against the attempts which despotism is ever making upon her liberties. How warmly does one's heart respond here to the exclamation of one of England's noblest men, "Bless God for mountains!" and it is one of the best evidences of an author's excellence that his words are constantly brought to mind in the midst of such scenes as these. Hundreds of times during my wanderings in Switzerland have I repeated to myself these words of William Howitt.

The Swiss have struggled nobly to rid themselves of adverse foreign influences, and have maintained, in a wonderful degree, their integrity, in the face of the threats of stronger powers who are ever on the watch for some pretext to involve them in difficulties, an end for the attainment of which no means are too base, from open menace down to the low trickery of diplomatic agents, who would be quite at home in the local police-office.

But there is an element among the Swiss themselves more subtle and dangerous than all the rest, and from this (allied with the others, it is true), Swiss liberty has incurred, and, perhaps, still incurs, greater danger than from all the rest united, I mean the ultramontane influence. Here, in Lucerne, in the very centre of the republic, and in the mountainous cantons surrounding the lake, it had, until the settlement of the last political difficulties, its chosen place of abode. This whole region is peculiarly wild and uncultivated, and the improvements which have taken place in the protestant cantons are only beginning to be visible here, and even this tardy progress is more the result of external pressure, of the impetus given by the more liberal and enterprising cantons, than to any vigorous internal impulse. If Roman Catholicism had been allowed its legitimate effects, the forest-cantons would still be fifty years behind the rest of Switzerland in everything that pertains to progress.

I know that there is an idea prevailing among many protestants, even, that representations of this sort are the result of sectarian feeling. But I know that in my own case they are the effect of convictions forced upon me by the most indubitable evidences, evidences which present themselves at every turn in those parts of Europe where the Romish influence prevails, and which become especially striking under a free government like that of Switzerland, where Catholicism and Protestantism are placed on an equal footing. One has but to visit Zurich, Berne and the other thoroughly protestant cantons, and then Schwyz, Unterwalden, etc., to see plainly how the matter stands. The intelligence of the inhabitants in the former contrasted with that of those of the latter is vastly superior. The Romish priesthood here, as well as elsewhere, are the uniform and consistent opponents of education among the common people, and, up to the period above alluded to, had succeeded in keeping a fast hold on the prejudices of the masses, through the medium of the basest appeals to their religious, or it would be better to say, sectarian fears. But during those difficulties the good sense of the Swiss showed them the necessity of abolishing the convents and utterly driving out of Switzerland, at least in so far as is compatible with the sly and sneaking character of those pests of society, the collective body of the Jesuits. This was the commencement of a struggle which has led, in a great degree, to the final emancipation of the Swiss from priestly influences.

One hears here on the continent, continually, the complaint that Switzerland is the "hearth" (that is the set phrase) around which the political refugees of every country of Europe which is tyrannical enough to make them assemble to warm themselves at her hospitable fires. The Swiss very sensibly concluded to turn the tables, and decreed the suppression of the monasteries, the "hearths" around which, in connection with Rome, Austria and France, have been, for a long time, fomented nearly all the serious difficulties with which Swiss liberty has had to contend. So the convents were abolished, all, at least, except a few nunneries, and an insignificant cloister or two of Capuchins, and it is to be hoped that the race of monks will, ere long, become extinct, so far as Switzerland is concerned, and that all serious danger from the ultramontane party is over. Still they are so subtle, and are possessed of so much low cunning and so thorough a knowledge of all the baser springs of action, that it becomes the Swiss, and other nations too, to watch them narrowly. Switzerland, a small nation hemmed in on all sides by despotic and inimical governments, may be pardoned for protecting herself by legal enactments from influences which, in nations more favourably situated, like England and the United States, it may safely be left to the good sense of the people to counteract.

You may form some idea of the astounding impudence and of the presumption upon the ignorance of the people which characterized the Romish priesthood here on the continent, when I relate to you that the archbishop of Bensancon, in a circular which he issued to his flock last winter, positively declared his conviction that railways had been sent as a visitation of the Almighty upon the hotel-keepers for the awful sin of having indulged foreigners travelling through the country with flesh on fast-days! And this has been quite equalled, if not surpassed, by some of the brilliant strokes of the clerics here, at Lucerne, during the last political difficulties. No wonder that they complain of the heresy of private judgment which has crept in among precedents. And in addition to their bigotry and love of domination, they are perfectly indefatigable. Defeat is no discouragement to them, devout believers as they are in the total depravity of the human heart; here is their strong point. Exorcise them in one quarter and they appear in a more subtle guise in another.

You will pardon me for dwelling so long upon this view of the question, scarcely suitable to a correspondence of this sort, as things go, when I tell you that I have everywhere discovered that this question of the influence of Rome in the affairs of Switzerland is regarded by the Swiss themselves, the more liberal portion of the Catholics, as well as the Protestants, as one of vital importance; and that in all the published histories of the crisis to which I have above alluded it occupies the first place. My host, Herr W., is himself a member of the Catholic church, and no one confessed the danger more freely than he. If I had time and space, I would in this connection communicate to you numerous facts which would fully substantiate the worst I have hinted, but rest assured that not a jot or tittle of what I have written is exaggerated.

H. W. G.

SUMMARY.

The managers of the House of Refuge, Philadelphia, have awarded a premium of $100 to Rev. E. E. Hale, of Worcestor, Mass., for the best essay on juvenile delinquencies.

——THE ASIATIC CHOLERA has made its appearance in New Orleans, in a malignant form. The number of deaths thus far reported is small, but a great deal of anxiety is felt among the people.

——TEACHER.—How many points of the compass are there?

BOY.—Two, east and west; there used to be four, but Mr. Webster said he didn't know no north, nor south, and I suppose there ain't any.

——Rev. Alanson Rawson, of New Boston, who was injured on the Boston and Maine Railroad, at the time the son of General Pierce was killed, has commenced an action against the road. His injury is so severe that he is unable to preach, and he is partially blind.

——A NEW PAPER.—Mr. Charles Blanchard, of New Castle, Pa., has just issued a new paper called the *Promulgator*, devoted to Anti-Slavery, Temperance, and matters of general or local interest. From what we have seen, it seems to deserve a long and prosperous career.

——RHODE ISLAND.—The Providence *Journal* of Wednesday gives the returns from every town in the State but two, on the question of calling a Constitutional Convention. These returns show a majority against the Convention of 3,823—a negative vote of more than two to one, the whole vote being 11,303; affimative, 3,740; and negative, 7,563.

——THE VERMONT SENATOR.—Twenty-four ballotings have now taken place in the Legislature of Vermont, for a senator of the United States; but no progress has been made. The last ballot stood 82 for Kellogg, Dem.; 79 for Collamer, Whig; and 13 each for Brainerd and Shafter, Free Soilers—99 votes being necessary for a choice.

——KNUD IVERSON.—The Chicago *Democratic Press* proves that those who have branded the story of this youth's martyrdom as a "humbug" are mistaken. It says that all who have investigated the subject are satisfied of the truth of the first account, and have contributed to his monument. The Milwankee *Free Democrat* says that the employés of the M. C. R. R., at Detroit, have contributed $120 toward the Knud Iverson Monument Fund, and the Unitarian Church in that city, $55.

——DEAF PERSONS.—A new discovery has been made relative to deaf persons. Two artists in London have invented an instrument which is placed within the ears without projecting, and being of the same colour as the skin, is not perceptible. It enables deaf persons to enjoy general conversation, to hear distinctly at church and public assemblies; the unpleasant sensation of singing noises in the ear is entirely removed, and it affords all the assistance that could be desired.

——MONKEY HUNTING.—Oliver Scott, judging by a letter of his to the Arkansas *Independent*, is as great at monkey killing as Captain Martin Scott was in bringing down coons. He writes that he is in South America hunting monkeys. He kills about 8,000 a year, and sells the skins at Bumona. They are bought by Frenchmen, and tanned for the manufacturing of kid gloves, those articles being now made, it is said, wholly of monkey skins. He gets from twenty to forty cents for each skin.

——AS FAR UP AS THEY OWN.—We have just heard a good 'un. No long ago, a distinguished divine of this city, was walking with a friend past a new church in which another distinguished divine is the spiritual shepherd.

Said the friend to the D. D., looking up at the spire (which was very tall and not yet completed), "how much higher is that going to be?"

"Not much," said the D. D., with a sly laugh, "they don't own very far in *that direction!*"

Distinguished divines, like Dickens's beadles, are, after all, but human.—*Plain Dealer*.

——THE RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.—Judge Williams, in the District Court, on Saturday, read an opinion in the case of *Robinson* agt. *Paterson*, in which an important principle as regards the rights of married women, was settled. The issue between the parties was argued before the Court by Mr. McKnight, for the plaintiff, and by Mr. Alden, for the defence. The question at issue was whether a married woman, since the passage of the act of 1848, could execute a bond in her own name, for the payment of money. Judge Williams, in an able opinion, decided that she could; that the act of 1848 invested her with the exclusive ownership of her property, and also with the responsibilities attendant upon such ownership.—*Pitts. Post, Nov.* 21.

——STATISTICS OF THE GRAVE.—A recent number of the *Merchant's Ledger* estimates that, since the birth of our Saviour, 1853 years since, thirty-two thousand millions of human beings have lived upon this earth; and of these, all but about nine hundred and sixty millions have gone down to the grave. Of this great army of the dead, nine thousand millions have died by war; eight thousand millions by famine and pestilence; five hundred millions by martyrdom; nearly six hundred millions by intoxicating drinks; and the remaining thirteen thousand millions naturally, or otherwise.

——NEW INVENTION.—The Meriden (Ct.) *Whig* speaks of a new invention, by a Mr. Gold, for heating a room, and says:

By its use one pint of water is converted into steam, condensed and re-converted to steam, *ad infinitum*, does not need to be renewed; the heat is continually radiated, and in proportion to the degree of heat used is the rapidity of the process and the amount of caloric evolved. It occupies but little room, may be painted in any style and hung up on the wall; may be carried from one room to another; cannot be injured by careless servants, heating rapidly, and cost is trifling; and the expense of heating is about one fifth that of coal or wood. The heat used is that of burning alcohol or other gaseous fluids.

——AN AFRICAN'S REBUKE OF DISORDERLY BOYS.—A gentleman passing near the meeting house of coloured people of Whitestown (N. Y.), heard what he describes below:

"A long favoured gentleman from Africa was closing up a prayer, and some white boys in a corner had the manners to laugh, so that the praying member heard them. He had a moment before said very earnestly: 'We pray dat de Lord will bress all flesh dat is human,' when the laugh occurred, and commencing again just before the amen, the pious negro said: 'Oh Lord, we is not in de habit of adding postscripts to our prayers, but if de 'spression bress all dat is human *wouldn't take in dese white fellers dare*, den we pray dat you will bress *some what ain't human, also, besides!*'"

——LITERARY CIRCLES IN CINCINNATI are now having a somewhat novel entertainment. A. Bronson Alcott, of Boston, is holding what he styles *Conversationes*, intended not to be debates or lectures, but courteous interchange of opinions upon modern life. He talkes upon the original condition of man—love—friendship—temperaments, health, the seminary, the State, and the Church. He would promote progress by the individual culture of mind and body, rather than by large organizations. His auditors appear pleased with many of his ideas.

The introductory lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, is to be delivered by the Hon. John McLean.

——A SHORT VOYAGE AROUND THE GLOBE.—The iron screw steamer Argo, recently arrived at Southampton, Eng., has been round the globe in 128 days. She was 64 days on her passage from Southampton to Melbourne, via the Cape of Good Hope; and occupied the same length of time in returning via Cape Horn. She is completely ship rigged, and has an auxiliary steam power of 300 horse, to be used in adverse winds and calms. She has used 2,105 tons of coal, about 17 tons a day, and has averaged 230 miles a day, or about 9 1-2 miles an hour during the entire voyage. In fair winds under canvass, the Argo made 13 and 14 knots an hour for successive days; and 11 and 12 knots close hauled, with the screw feathered. Our Yankee clippers must look to their honours, if John Bull has got to building such vessels as the Argo.—*Boston Traveller, 17th.*

——LEGREE "OVERDRAWN."—The following case furnishes another illustration of the feebleness of the pictures of slavery in Uncle Tom's Cabin, when compared with the horrible realities continually occurring at the South:

☞ "HORRIBLE MURDER OF A SLAVE.—Thomas Motley had been convicted at Walterborough, South Carolina, for the murder of a runaway slave. It was proved on the trial, that the inhuman monster first shot and then whipped the slave, after which, he put him in a vice and tortured him. He then set him loose, startled blood hounds after him, who run him down, mangling him horribly, and then, as a consummation of his fiendish purposes *he cut up the body of the slave and fed his flesh to the dogs.* The Charleston papers rejoice at the conviction of this fiend in human shape."

——Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, has written another letter in further explanation of his position as to the Administration and his course at the late election in Georgia. He will give the Administration a hearty support, and, above all, resist any dismemberment of the Democratic party, but he acknowledges that a Southern man cannot show his face before the Southern Democracy, in opposition to the New York Hards or Union Compromise Democrats.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

If Mr. Cobb thinks that a Southern man cannot show his face before the Southern Democracy in opposition to the New York Hards, how on earth does he happen to think that the Administration, to which he gives "a hearty support," can show its face before the Southern Democracy in opposition to the New York Hards? Mr. Cobb's position does not seem to be that of a man in his senses. Is that *Cobb* ever *corned?—Louisville Journal.*

——A FUGITIVE.—We saw yesterday a "chattel" just arrived from slavery and happiness in Virginia. He was owned by a family named Williamson in Norfolk, and for thirty-three years has done them service. He says that from his youth he always contemplated his escape, and never formed any family ties which could prevent its accomplishment. He hired himself (such a phrase, and yet it is the only one we can use) for the sum of $110 a-year, and since 1848 has been working as a steward on board steamers. He had all that time been watching for an escape, desiring to make a sure business of it, and to run no risk of recapture and the usual consequences, "selling down south." Others like him were unsuccessful, and he determined to make sure. He says that the desire for liberty among the slave population is increasing, so that even the boys, who might not be expected to think seriously on such subjects, are full of ideas of freedom.—*Toronto Globe Nov.* 12.

——INSANE THROUGH EXCESSIVE JOY.—A writer describing the Lunatic Asylum at Blackwell's Island, says:

"Here is a woman whom joy has deprived of her senses. Her husband and child were on board a vessel which was wrecked. Going down to the shore every day, as if with the wish of being nearer the beloved object that lay buried beneath the sea, suddenly she beheld them landing from a vessel which had picked them up and saved them. An overwhelming flood of joy pervaded her bosom, and then reason was gone forever. She never has known them since, but sits on what she thinks the same rock, where she used to bewail their fate, wringing her hands and moaning most piteously; while every week the husband and son come and gaze on her face, in hope to rouse one gleam of memory, but in vain."

——SOUTHERN JUSTICE.—A mulatto woman named Ann Matthews, was brought before the Mayor, yesterday, charged with being free and remaining in the Commonwealth contrary to law. From the evidence before the Mayor, it appeared that she is the property of Edward Matthews, who hires her to Mr. Robert Lumpkin, who has had her at the slave jail for the last three and a half years. About five years ago she was permitted by her owner to visit Philadelphia, where she remained three or four months, and left there a child, when she returned to Virginia, which child, we inferred from remarks at the examination yesterday, she had been in the habit of visiting. Mr. Matthews still claims her as his servant, and has more than once recently threatened to sell her. The Mayor discharged her, while he informed her owner and hirer that he should instruct the police of the city to regard her as a slave and see that she should not be allowed the privileges of a free woman.—*Richmond Mail*, 24.

——The Governor of South Carolina in his last Message solemnly avers "that South Carolina must hereafter exist as a military people. The history of our country for the last ten years affords abundant proof that as long as the Union endures there is to be no peace for the Slaveholder. An eternal warfare against his rights of person and property, under thr associated influence of the people and the States of the North and the central power, has been solemnly and deliberately decreed. For this reason it is essential that the community of which he is a member should be prepared at any moment for every emergency." When people have nothing else to occupy them they play martyrdom. Delicious are the airs of injured honour and virtue which such men take. They will not be comforted. They never feel happy save in the luxury of woe. It is always observable that when gunpowder rhetoric is highest military performance is lowest. The soldier is a man of few words. He does not talk blood-and-thunder at the above stereotyped South Carolina rate.—*Tribune.*

——THE SLAVE BETSY.—The faithful slave of Madame Le Vert, whom Miss Bremer's new book on America has made a historical character, jumped from the Wilmington (N. C.) cars one day last week, during an alarm of fire and a cry for the passengers to save themselves. She was not missed for a moment or two, when the conductor was entreated to reverse the wheels and go back for her. He refused though offered $1,000 to do so. At the next station a gentleman promptly chartered an engine and returned to the spot where the alarm occurred; and there he found the poor woman lying beside the track in a state of insensibility, with her body so bruised and swollen that the physician could not decide whether her bones were broken or dislocated. Her recovery is extemely doubtful.—Great blame is attached to the conductor for the apparent indifference to the life of the poor slave. Betsy has been frequently at the North and in England, France, Germany and Italy with her mistress. Many times the Abolitionists urged her escape, but never with success. Such attachments are by no means uncommon, and they speak well for the care, affection and attachment of those whose hold the two relations of master and slave!!!!

——LUCY STONE has created a great sensation in Louisville, according to the *Journal*, and by passengers from Madison we learn she has been no less successful in the latter city. She lectured in Madison last night.—*Cin. Times, 22d ult.*

The *Richmond* (Va.) *Examiner* copies the *Journal's* eulogium and then comments in this chivalrous style:

"When such homage is paid in a Southern city, and by one of the most brilliant leaders of the Southern press, to beldames of the North, and to unclean theories of Abolition and licentious growth, the morals as well as the institutions of the South are imperilled in such a manner as to excite alarm. We have no longer to defend a particular feature in our social organization against extraneous attacks; but the door is opened by a Southern hand for all the fanatical delusions and demoralizing reveries which contaminate Northern society, and are calculated to debase our own, if once welcomed among us. * * * * * Shame! shame! that any man who pretends to lofty feelings, high talent, sense, distinction—any resident at the South—should so bow the knee to Baal, and prostrate himself before the corrupting dogmas of Lucy Stone. No grosser or more perverse idolatry was ever shown by the votaries of Ashtaroth, to the Venus Hetœra, of Paphian impurities, or the worshippers of the incarnate reason under the type of a Parisian courtesan."

——A YANKEE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—As we were sitting in the picture gallery of the Crystal Palace, taking memoranda of its contents, a tall ill-dressed Vermonter, attracted probably by the benignity of our visage, addressed us.

"Stranger, what mought they charge to let a feller in this 'ere show?"

"Why do you ask; you paid at the entrance, did you not?"

"Ya-a-s! I *didn't* pay nothing; ef yew see anythin' green 'bout me, jest yew write, will yew?"

"How did you gain admittance, then?"

"Wa-a-all, yew see I traded with a boy out there for a *Herald*, and gin him an extra cent to holler "fire!" and when the man with the brass thing on his coat looked around, I kinder edged in behind him."

Of course we expressed our indignation, and were about to leave him when he seized our button hole, saying quickly:

"Say, Mister; don't be riled, guess they'll never miss it. Yew talk so all-fired honest, guess yew must be a newspaper feller; been takin' notes ain't you; I've hearn 'bout this short hand."

We assented; and he resumed:

"Mought yewr name be Greeley, Mister? because I seed a nigger wench looked jest like a fewg*itive* nigger; and, ef she *is*, it's a bully chance for you to spread—won't cost nothin', nuther."

We denied *that* imputation, when he continued: "I allers like newspaper chaps 'cause they're so clever. Been in the fine arts myself; taught school three winters—eighteen dollars a month, and boarded 'reound."

We next stopped to view the fine specimens of perfumery, among which were busts made of solid *soap*. "Hullo!" said Yankee, nosing the goods, "guess these is made of grave-stun. ain't they."

"No, they are made of soap."

Before we could prevent him he had pinched it to satisfy himself. "Wa-a-all, guess it is, it *feels* soporiferous, any way; smells rale apocryphal tew, don't it? jest like old Mr. Slocum's 'pothecary shop tew hum."

A few steps brought us to the statuary, where a number of persons were silently gazing at Powers' statue of the Greek Slave.

"Mister," said he, after a moment's inspection, pointing to the chains upon her wrists, "*what's that cruter hoppled for?*"

The bystanders roared; and we endeavoured to explain to him the nature of the subject; and to prevent him from handling it as he was bent upon doing, pointed to the placard requesting visitors "NOT TO TOUCH THE ARTICLES."

Don't touch the *articles!* repeated he, "*Why, she ain't got the first darned article on her!*"

We left. —*Journal of Commerce.*

DIED.

CRAFTS.—In Craftsbury, Vermont, Nov. 20th, Hon. Samuel C. Crafts, aged about 80 years. He has served at different times as a member of the State Legislature, member of Congress, Governor of the State, and U. S. Senator.

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

☞ THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR will open at

Horticultural Hall, School Street,

On Wednesday, December 21st.

The Managers would take this opportunity to entreat a more earnest and generous co-operation on the part of all the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society than on any previous occasion. Having enlarged the sphere of its operations, and increased the number of its agencies, during the present year, it will stand in need of larger pecuniary supplies, which will, we trust, be furnished to it through the Bazaar's instrumentality. We will proceed to suggest several modes of action, by either of which we shall feel ourselves essentially aided.

First, by Donations of money. We shall thankfully receive any sums that may be sent us *immediately*, for the purpose of being expended in the purchase of materials for manufacture, or that may be given at the time of the Bazaar and through its Treasury, for the purpose of increasing the general receipts. All such donations will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Standard* and *Liberator*, and in the *Bazaar Gazette*. It is not in the power of all the slave's friends to give much of their time or personal service to his cause. Of such we claim only the bestowal of their money and sympathy, and beg them to believe that the former shall be economically and faithfully appropriated, and the latter received as a fresh source of encouragement and stimulus. Were a few dollars only sent from each town in Massachusetts, how greatly would our funds be increased!

Second, by Donations of articles. Almost every kind will be suitable and acceptable. Very few articles have *ever been* sent us for which we were not ultimately able to procure a market. We would in an especial manner request the Ladies connected with the Anti-Slavery enterprise to send as large supplies of manufactured goods as if we received none from our Foreign friends. We have found, by experience, that the larger our supplies, the greater is the demand; there is no loss on the articles that are unsold at the time the Bazaar closes. We receive constant applications for assistance from Fairs held all over the country, whose funds are in one mode or other devoted to the help of the American Society, and hence it will be seen our market is unlimited. Clothing for Ladies and Children, of a useful description, knitted Stockings, Gloves and Mittens, Bedquilts and Comforters, if not too high priced, will all be found particularly saleable; and we would especially request of our country friends that they would, in these respects, remember us.

Third. We need larger supplies for our REFRESHMENT TABLE. The more economical its arrangements, the better; but for the last few years, we have been obliged to purchase tea, coffee and sugar, that, had our wants been known, some friends of the cause might have contributed. It is our wish that the Bazaar's expenses should be such only as are absolutely unavoidable. We can hardly expect the use of Horticultural Hall rent free, or that the U. S. Custom House will remit the duties on our foreign goods; but with a few exceptions like these, we wish that all the Bazaar's expenses should be, like our own time and energies, free-will offerings in this great warfare. We beg the farmer as well as the manufacturer to remember this occasion. Fruits and Vegetables of every description, Cheese and Butter, are articles for which a ready and certain sale could be procured.

Finally, we would urge upon all the duty of personal attendance and pecuniary patronage. Let all the country friends esteem it a duty no less than a pleasure to give one day, at least, to the Bazaar. Our prospects from abroad are such as warrant us in promising as large and beautiful a collection as in any former year, and we trust it will be in our power to make such arrangements as shall ensure eloquent speaking in the Bazaar during most of the evenings that it continues open. All letters in respect to the Bazaar may be addressed to Miss A. W. WESTON, Weymouth, or to Mrs. S. MAY, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Boston, November 6.

Eighteenth Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair.

The Eighteenth Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair, will be opened in the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 5th of December, 1853, and will continue during the following three days. The Committee of Arrangements feel that no argument on their part can be necessary to enlist the hearty sympathy and active co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania in this department of labour. Its utility is fully proved; its necessity deeply felt. The present encouraging aspects of our enterprise should increase the energy of our efforts to bring it to its consummation. The victories already won are earnests of the final and complete triumph of Liberty over Slavery; and it is with renewed hope and strength that we address ourselves to the work of preparation for our next Fair. Its profits will be devoted, as heretofore, to the dissemination of the principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society, viz.: the inherent sinfulness of Slavery, and the duty of immediate and unconditional emancipation, and to the advocacy of the truths and inculcation of the duties which are necessarily deduced from these principles.

In this work we confidently rely upon the efficient aid of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, upon whose zeal and industry the success of our Fair depends. Any co-operation or assistance from friends abroad will be gratefully received.

The Committee have selected an earlier time than usual for holding the Fair, in order that it may immediately follow the meeting which is to be held in this city in celebration of the completion of the second decade of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Lays of Quakerdom.

THE Publication of a SERIES of NEW POEMS, under this title, will commence in the DECEMBER number of the

Knickerbocker Magazine.

These Poems are intended to commemorate the heroism of the "Early Quakers" and are from a pen thoroughly conversant with the Philosophy and History of that people.

The first will be "The Execution of Mary Dyer," at Boston June 1st, 1659.

An extra edition of the Magazine will be issued, but Agents and Periodical Dealers should send their orders early, to insure a supply.

☞ Orders should be sent to S. HEUSTON, Knickerbocker Office, Nassau street, New York. 2t

Miscellaneous Department.

CHINA.

The Religion of the Rebels.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

SHANGHAI, China, Aug. 25, 1853.

I GAVE you by the last mail a description of what I saw among the patriots, and an account of the way I reached them. In that letter I left myself a new and unexpected arrival in the midst of the "long-haired men" who crowded about me in great numbers and with eager curiosity to learn where I came from, who I was and what brought me. To these inquiries I replied that I was from Shanghai, that I was an American, and my name was Taylor. With reference to my business there, I requested to be conducted to their highest officer in that city—Chin-Kiang-foo—to whom I would make known my object in visiting them. Being very anxious to have me tell them at once, they showed me the way into a well furnished hall and had tea brought for me, having first desired me to be seated in one of the many cushioned chairs ranged along in two rows facing each other, up and down the middle of the large apartment. Alternating with the chairs were what we call here *teapoys*—they are small square or oblong stands for holding cups of tea and refreshments. While I was sitting here sipping my tea, and the object of strange interest to these wild looking men and boys, who had never before seen a foreigner, one who seemed to be a subordinate officer, came and seated himself by my side, again asked for what I had come. Fearing if I should tell him, that having once satisfied their own curiosity, they would not take me to the commandant, I resolutely refused to answer any questions on that subject, till I was conducted to his presence. Seeing my determination they furnished me with a guide and an escort of two or three soldiers, all armed with long spears and swords. The man who in the first instance came down the hill for my carpet-bag, still kept possession of it, and followed on. Our path lay along on the narrow ridge described in my last letter, within the stockades, which were being taken down and replaced by a substantial brick wall, three or four feet thick, furnished with parapets and portholes, through which cannon of various calibre were poking their ugly noses. The soldier artisans were looking like bees on the unfinished portions—some bringing brick, some laying them and some making mortar. My guides were frequently asked, as we passed along, who was that stranger, and their invariable answer was, *Yang shoong dee*; i. e., "Foreign brother"—a term of civility and affection never before applied to foreigners in China.

We soon came to the north-eastern gate of the city. It had been completely filled up with heavy stone masonry, and the only access was by a narrow flight of stone steps to the top of the wall. Through a narrow door in the parapet we entered, and here were again surrounded by multitudes of astonished spectators, who stared at me till their eyes seemed ready to leap at me from their sockets like so many bullets. Their curiosity being a little, and but a little, abated by the answer of my escort—for many of them spoke dialects which I did not understand—we proceeded on through the stone-paved streets, now entirely deserted, but which, when I was here a year ago, disguised as a native, were teeming with a busy, thriving population. The inhabitants had all fled at the approach of the patriot forces, leaving their shops and dwellings, and most of their furniture, goods, utensils and effects of various kinds. The building were for the most part left standing, but without doors and shutters—these all having been taken, as before stated, to assist in the construction of stockades on the hill, and along the river bank fronting the city. Tables, chairs, trunks, boxes, bedsteads, cooking utensils, etc., lay strewn about in the houses or piled up together in confused masses, with straw, ashes, bits of paper and rubbish of every conceivable description. The contrast with the appearance of things here a year ago was truly painful, and I could but breathe a prayer that the former inhabitants of this once populous city might be restored to their homes again, in the possession of Christianity and its blessings to such an extent as to far more than compensate for their present losses and forlornness. As we passed along, I saw several very aged men and women, who were probably too old and infirm to flee, and perhaps considering they had not long to live, at any rate, thought they might as well die then, as to drag out a few more days of miserable, homeless existence. But, probably quite contrary to their expectations, their lives were not only spared, but they were furnished with food and allowed to retain their dwellings and property. Still, the poor creatures looked the pictures of sorrow, and my heart yearned over them as their sun seemed likely to set in clouds and darkness. O might even their dim eyes be permitted to see the dawning of a brighter day than has ever yet shone on the "flowery land," and might their ears—but stay, have they not already caught some of the notes of praise to the one only living and true God? For morning and evening ascends from that beleaguered city the doxology:

"Praise the True God, who is the Imperial Supreme Ruler;
Praise Jesus the Saviour of the world;
Praise the Holy Divine Influence—the Holy Spirit—
Praise these three who compose one True God."

Indeed, these were the first sounds that saluted my ears when I entered the garrison, for it was about sunrise, and they were engaged in their morning devotions. What words to hear in the heart of the most populous pagan empire on the globe, and, that, too, from lips that five years ago were repeating the senseless mummeries of idolatrous superstition!

We soon reached some spacious premises that had lately been the residence of the chief mandarin of the city and surrounding country, but was now the headquarters of *Lo-ta-yun*, the commandant of the patriot forces at this place. My escort led the way through five successive buildings and as many open courts, all in a line from the street, from which the innermost of all, the sixth, is visible. The buildings had large yellow curtains flaunting in the breeze, on each side of the passage through them. Having reached the interior building, which was in fact the dwelling, the others being occupied by attendants, soldiers and servants, I was here directed to a seat in the large reception hall, which was quite similar in its general features to the one into which I had been ushered on my first appearance in the garrison. It had ornamental lanterns of fantastic shapes, and rich embroidered hangings suspended from the roof and about the sides of the apartment. The court-yard in front of this was filled with rare and beautiful flowers and plants in unique pots of every size and shape. I soon inquired for *Lo-ta-yun*, and on being asked why I wished to see him, I replied that I should tell no one but himself in person. There was here as before a crowd of curious spectators who examined my hat and dress and hands, with much the same interest with which you would look at a strange animal in a menagerie of some heretofore unheard of species. It was almost enough to make one doubt of himself whether he were indeed of the genus homo. Before many minutes a man of middle stature, apparently about 45, came out from an adjoining room and took a seat near me. He was stoutly built, had a well-formed head, and a piercing black eye that looked out from under a pair of prominent, over-arching brows. One of the attendants, who afterward acted the part of interpreter for me, as he was a kind of secretary to the commandant, told me this was *Lo-ta-yun*. There was no appearance of an officer in his manner or dress. He had on a short blue silk jacket, and dark brown loose trousers. I had formed such an idea of the princely appearance of Lo, whose reputation for military sagacity and skill had spread his name widely abroad, that I did not believe this was the man, and frankly exposed my doubts, refusing at the same time to reply to his interrogatories, and requested again to see the highest officer in the city, for I was resolved not to be thwarted in my design to get an interview with Lo himself, if it was in the power of perseverance to compass it.

I have since wondered at his forbearance with my pertinacity, when he knew I was so completely in his hands. He could have had my head taken off at a word, and never have been called to account for the act. I could scarcely credit his repeated assurances that he was the man whom I sought to see, and it was not until his attendants attired him in his official uniform and he took his seat in the large chair at a table in the middle of the hall, and began to issue his orders to his attendants, that my doubts were quite removed. I then informed him fully of myself, my occupation and my object in visiting his camp. At the same time I opened my carpet-bag and laid its contents on his table. The books were the four Gospels and Acts, the book of Genesis, and many other tracts and books on the Christian religion. He appeared quite pleased in looking at them, and said the doctrines he believed were the same with ours. Notice of my arrival had been sent to the second officer in command, and he soon came in a large handsome sedan, borne by four coolies, and with quite a train of soldiers and attendants going before and following. He came in, and a seat was placed for him at the right of Lo. The uniform of the two was nearly alike, being a yellow silk or satin cap covering the whole head and extending in a sort of cape half way down the back, leaving only the face exposed. It had a binding of red satin all around the edge an inch and a-half wide, and looked in shape somewhat like the representations of the caps or helmets of Egyptian heroes, or of the human heads on the monsters of Layard's Nineveh. Next was a long richly figured satin gown, reaching to the ancles, and over this a red figured satin waistcoat, or jacket-like garment, with sleeves conveniently loose and short. You know they eschew "shaving the head," that being one of the abominations introduced by the "fiendish Tartars." So they have their long hair all twisted or braided up, and fastened on the top of the head by a piece of yellow silk, answering the purpose of a turban without being as full; the common soldiers wear red silk on the head. Breakfast was soon announced, and I was conducted into an adjoining room to a square table, with seats for two at each side. I was politely invited to sit down first, and then seven others, the secretaries and officers of Lo, also took their seats. I had heard the insurgents were in the habit of saying grace before eating, and I wanted to see how this would be done, but presently one of them took his chopsticks and requested me to do the same, for, as a mark of civility, they would not eat till I had begun. I mentioned to them what information we foreigners had received about their practice of asking a blessing, and they immediately replied it was true, and that it had just been done in the room from which we came. I then recollected that after I had left that apartment I heard human voices chanting, with the usual Chinese musical instruments accompanying, and learned that this was a form of grace before meat. I therefore informed them that it was our custom to ask a blessing *at the table*, and if they had no objections I would do so at that time. They very cheerfully assented, and after I had finished they seemed quite gratified, saying that the spirit and design of the thing was the same, though the manner of performing it was different.

At every meal after this, during my stay, all at the table waited for me to ask a blessing. All the members and dependants of Lo's household assembled in the large hall morning and evening, when he or one of his secretaries read a portion either from the book of Genesis—that being the only part of the Bible yet discovered among them—or from some of the religious tracts written by *Fai-ping-wong* himself. After reading, during which all present sit and listen attentively, they all join in chaunting a hymn, always closing with the doxology above translated. Then each one takes the cushion from his chair and, putting it down before him on the brick or the floor, kneels on it in a very solemn manner, with his eyes closed, while Lo himself, or the secretary, prays audibly, the rest remaining perfectly silent. It was the most impressive scene I ever witnessed, from the reflections and association to which it gave rise, and which I must leave for the imagination of your readers to supply. The only drawback to its solemnity, to my mind—but none in theirs—was the accompaniment to the chaunting, consisting of all the discordant sounds of gongs, drums, cymbols, horns and various other instruments, but ill-suited, in our estimation, to produce that devotional feeling so important in Christian worship. In the middle of the room in which we ate was a table, placed on which were twelve bowls—three each of rice, of meat, of vegetables, and of tea. On inquiring the meaning of this, I was told it was designed as an offering to the Supreme Ruler—one of each kind respectively for the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. After being allowed to remain thus for some time, they were removed, but whether eaten or not by others I did not learn. The fact of their presenting offerings of this kind is proof presumptive that they have as yet no knowledge of the *New* Testament—a need which I supplied as far as practicable on that visit, with what effect time only can reveal.

My boatmen had so thoroughly imbibed the dread of the "long-haired men"—so industriously cherished by the accounts of their cruelty, which the Imperialist mandarins circulate in their proclamations far and wide—that no assurances of safety I could give them would induce them to go any nearer the city. So, too, to accomplish my objects, I was under the necessity of making three several visits on foot to my boat, two miles distant, in doing which it was unavoidable to pass the Imperialist lines, not very far from their camp, as their tents lay spread out on the hills to my left, and within gun-shot of the river bank, along which my path lay. The second time I took as many more copies of the books as I could well carry, and the third time I took the medicines and a small case of surgical instruments, which I had brought with me from Shanghai. The demand for medical aid was greater than I had the means of supplying, but I afforded relief to the many applicants as far as within my power. A successful surgical operation on one poor fellow's eye excited much interest and gratification.

I took my final leave of Lo-ta-yun at night, and he, after having hospitably entertained me during my stay, gave me three live fowls and two hams, for my food on the way back to Shanghai. He also had my carpet-bag filled with the books that had been published by the order of *Fai-ping-wong*, and with the royal proclamations he had issued. Lo also wrote a friendly letter to his "foreign brethren" at this place, which was translated and so widely published that you have doubtless seen it long before this. These were all given to a servant who followed me to the outer gate of his headquarters, where was a horse saddled and bridled waiting for me, with several Lieutenants and several hundred men, each one having a lantern and armed with swords, matchlocks and the long spear whose polished blades gleamed in the light of the torches and lanterns. With this imposing procession I was escorted through many winding streets, and at length through the west gate of the city to the bank of the river, where was a boat waiting to convey me down to my own. Three brave fellows, armed *cap-a-pie*, got in with me. One of them was the chief of the men from Kwei-chow, a district in Kwang-si province, and he boasted of his native tribe, the *Miau-tsz*, having never been subject to the Tartar rule, and having never adopted their customs of shaving the head, &c. He was a noble-looking young man, tall, straight and muscular, with prominent cheek bones and an eye like an eagle. He reminded me of some fine specimens of our North American Indians. His hair was bound up with a piece of yellow silk, the long ends of which hung loosely down on his back. He told me his hair would reach the ground, its great length being evidently to him a source of much pride. This is a peculiarity, indeed, in which they all take great satisfaction, and it has given them one of their distinctive names—*chang-fah*, i. e. long-haired. We were proceeding slowly down the river, near the shore, and had not yet passed beyond the stockades, when we were hailed by a sentinel. My long-haired friend replied that he and two comrades were just going down the river a little way to accompany the "foreign brother" to his boat; but so strict were the orders of this sentry, and so faithful was he to them, that he said we must come to land and allow him to see for himself, or he should fire into us. My companions protested that he *must* know who they were, but all to no avail—to the shore we had to go, and undergo an examination by the trusty sentinel, who came up with his lantern as we landed; and when he had the evidence of his eyes to corroborate that of his ears, he was satisfied, and we passed on a few hundred yards, till we had got beyond all those difficult obstructions in the path enumerated in my last letter. Then I insisted on being put ashore, and walking to my boat; for I would not allow these brave, noble fellows to risk their lives on my account, as I knew there were Imperialist scouts out night and day. We parted with many expressions of good feeling and urgent requests on their part that I would soon visit them again. The carpet-bag, fowls and hams having been so adjusted on a stick as to balance across my shoulders, I started on, after hearing the splash of their oars far enough to satisfy me that my long-haired brethren were within hail of their own entrenchments. My load was so heavy and troublesome, that, after having carried it half a mile, an opportunity presented itself not only to relieve me, but to bless another. It was now daylight, and I had come near to one of the few mud and straw cottages by the path-side. A poor old man had just come out, and I, throwing my load down on the path, beckoned to him to come. At first he hesitated, but, as I told him not to fear, and that I had something to give him, at the same time pointing to the hams and fowl at my feet, he mustered sufficient courage to approach. I told him to take those provisions into his house and make the best use of them he could. The poor old man, who appeared as if he had never possessed so much at one time in his whole life, seemed to misunderstand me, and offered to carry them for me to my boat. On being assured that they were his own, he poured out all his vocabulary of gratitude and blessing on my head. The whole circumstance made me feel richer than could the possession of all the hams and chickens in China. Shouldering my carpet-bag, I trudged along not only with a lighter load, but with such a light, glad, happy heart, that I noted not the remaining mile and a half distance, but found myself at my boat as if by a few steps, and in a few moments. My boatmen were no less rejoiced than surprised to see me come back with my head on my shoulders. We then weighed anchor, and in a few minutes more were on our return to Shanghai, which we reached safely after three days' sail down the Yang-tse-Kiang.

Yours, truly, CHARLES TAYLOR.

PHANTOMS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations, the perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of that unseen star,
That undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd,
Into the realm of mystery and night;

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

—*Putnam's Magazine.*

A REMINISCENCE OF ROUEN.

IN the *Musee des Monuments Francais*, at Paris, there is a portrait of singular interest. It is of a young girl, apparently some twenty years of age, whose countenance wears a soft and dreamy beauty, which long haunts the memory of the beholder. Upon her head is a martial cap, with feathers, and in her hand a shield and sword. It is Joan of Arc, the shepherd maid, whose memory, for years assailed by detraction and the prejudice of race, now grows brighter as time developes her character and her virtues.

Seventy miles from Paris, in the city of Rouen, that ancient capital of Normandy, within whose walls William the Conquerer played in childhood, is another memorial of the Maid of Orleans. Indeed, the whole aspect of the place recalls the age in which she lived. I remember well how strangely the sombre old city seemed to me, contrasted with the brilliant gaiety of Paris. I had come fresh from the giddy whirl of luxurious fashion along the *Boulevard Italien* to the sober quiet of these narrow streets; from the gilded frippery of the Church of the Madeleine to the solemn tranquillity of the Norman Cathedral and the still grander Church of St. Ouen; and it was as if, between the rising and the setting of the sun, I had breathed the atmosphere of far distant centuries. The gray old buildings, on whose quaint carvings, arabesques, and bas-reliefs the storms have beaten for centuries, seem to rebuke, with their stately gravity, the breathless curiosity of the passing traveller. A winding street, darkened by the projecting gables of narrow windowed houses, leads from the principle thoroughfare to a locality which is usually first sought by the stranger. It is where Joan of Arc perished. The details of the scene have given a fearful interest to the spot now consecrated to her memory, an interest which will live as long as that love of noble courage which is inherent in every human heart; and the diligent researches of modern investigators have developed many touching particulars of that terrible drama.

On the 30th of May, 1431, at 9 o'clock in the morning, John of Arc, having been condemned to be burned to death, was led forth to execution. Her crime was dévotion to her country; that country whose welfare she believed had been entrusted to her by a special revelation from Heaven, and whose interest she loved with the enthusiasm of her sex and her race. For years she had been commanded, by voices calling to her from the clouds, to lead the French army on to victory. By day those voices urged her onward; by night she saw in visions the forms of holy saints who strove to rouse her shrinking courage and persuade her to fulfil her divine mission. She had obeyed their summons; and, after accomplishing her work, had fallen a victim to treachery and falsehood. Deserted by those for whom she had laboured, she was left to the tender mercies of the Holy Inquisition. Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, had presided at the mock trial which preceded her condemnation. As she was placed in the cart which was to bear her to the scaffold, she perceived her chief persecutor, and addressed him thus: "Bishop, I die through you; and for this, I summon you to answer before God!" The cap of the Inquisition was then put upon her head, and, turning to a monk by her side, she said, "Ah! Master Pierre, to-night, by the grace of God, I shall be in Paradise."

The procession left the Church of St. Ouen, and wound through the narrow streets to the old market-place. Eight hundred lancers guarded the prisoner. The streets were thronged with people eager to look upon the leader of armies, now degraded to the fate of a criminal. Some cursed her for a sorceress; others prayed aloud in her behalf. She had partaken of the communion, and on reaching the place of execution a sermon was preached by one of those who had sat in judgment upon her.

A high scaffolding of masonary, heaped with faggots, had been built in the centre of the open space, and near it, two platforms for the bishop, the judges, and the preacher, that they might watch the dying moments of their victim, and catch the slightest expression of fear or regret that the agony of her dying moments might wring from her lips. From his infernal throne, the bishop exhorted Joan to confess her misdeeds to the people, and to truly repent of her many sins. She answered only by kneeeling at the foot of her funeral pile, and praying God to pardon her murderers. To the bystanders she said: "Pray for me! I pardon and ask pardon of all." She invoked the aid of the Virgin, of St. Michael, and St. Catharine, whose voices had from her childhood sounded in her ears, and then begged the priest to say masses for her soul. Her sweetness and simple piety touched even the hard hearts of those who had laboured for her execution. The soldiers wept. One of the chronicles of the time says that even the Bishop of Beauvais was seen to shed tears. If so, his humanity was but of short duration. He called to the poor girl to listen to the act of condemnation, and reminded her of her grievous schism, idolatory and familiarity with demons.

The executioner, with two men-at-arms, led her up the steps of the scaffold. From its summit she could see the dense crowd surging to and fro, eagerly watching her every movement. No wonder that in that dreadful moment her memory recalled the peaceful days of childhood, and her woman's heart melted into tears.

"Ah! pleure, fille infortunée!
Ta jeune se vase detrir,
Dans sa fleur trop tot moissonnee!
Adieu, beau ciel il faut mourir!
Tu ne reverras plus tes riantes montagnes,
Le temple, le hameau, les champs de Vaucouleurs,
Et ta chaumière, et tes compagnes;
Et ton père expirant sous le poids des douleurs!"

As she was bound to the stake, she cried: "Ah Rouen, Rouen, I fear greatly that you will suffer from my death." A placard, with the words "Heretic, Apostate, Idolater," was placed over her head, and the funeral pile was lighted. She shrieked aloud; but, quickly recovering her composure, begged the monk who stood by her to go down, lest he should share her fate. As he left her, the flames had reached her robe.

By the fiendish orders of the Lord Bishop of Beauvais, the fire had been arranged to burn slowly, that her sufferings might be prolonged, and some recantation perhaps escape from her dying lips. Standing at the foot of the pile, he asked the poor creature if she abjured her delusion. Her reply must have haunted him to his last hour on earth: "Bishop, I die through you!" As the flames curled around her, those who stood near heard her voice above the crackling of the faggots, saying, "Yes, the voices were from God; they have not deceived me." Doubtless, in that moment there came to her soul a strength which lifted it far above the reality of the sufferings that tortured her bodily frame. Amidst all her agony, no word of reproach or hatred passed her lips. All was gentleness and peace, and holy forgiveness. She had placed in her bosom a cross which one of the crowd had given her, and at her request the Dominican, who, with one other, alone befriended her, lifted the parish crucifix that she might see it through the smoke that was fast enveloping her. He heard her voice calling upon her Saviour, and again invoking the saints whose fancied presence had sustained her sinking spirit. The lofty courage of the heart that had beat beneath the peasant's gown and the glittering mail did not now forsake the "pale martyr in her robe of fire." As earth faded from her view, there opened before her the gate of Heaven. Soon her head sank upon her breast, and for the last time she cried, "Jesus, Jesus!"

As these words escaped her, an English soldier, who had vowed to add a faggot to the pile fell as if dead, just as he reached the scaffold. When he recovered, he protested that he saw a white dove fly out of her mouth as she breathed her last sigh. Others had seen in the flames the name of Jesus. The most desperate and hardened of the soldiers were like children. Even the executioner hastened to confession, fearful that God would not pardon his share in the bloody work. Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, alone sustained the cruel and relentless character he had played so well. By his orders the ashes of his victim were gathered up and cast into the Seine; and with this final indignity ended the persecution of John of Arc.

I stood one summer morning in the square which was then the market-place of Rouen. It is now the *Place de la Pucelle d'Orleans*. In the centre of a circle of antique buildings, and upon the spot where, four centuries ago, Joan of Arc perished so meekly, stands the monument to her memory. As a work of art it is unworthy of notice; but from its association with the recollection of her sufferings, it cannot fail to interest the traveller. A rustic base of red sand-stone supports a tablet, upon which is erected her statue, of the size of life, clothed in graceful drapery, and holding in her right hand a sword, while in her left is seen a wreath of lilies. At each corner of the tablet on which she stands is a dolphin, and beneath, from lions' mouths, gushes the fountain of water. An inscription reads:

"*Regia virgineo defenditur ense corona;
Lilia virgineo tuta sub ense nutent.*"

The maiden's sword protects the royal crown;
Beneath the maiden's sword the lilies safely bloom.

The surrounding buildings are all in harmony with the legends of by-gone age. It requires but little effort of the imagination to summon back the actors in that shameful tragedy, in the theatre upon which it was enacted. I closed my eyes, and fancied that I saw the procession move again through the narrow streets, past the mighty cathedral, and by the church of St. Ouen to the market-place, where the soldiers and citizens had gathered round the scaffold. The bishop, that Bishop of Beauvais upon whose head rests the blood of the youthful sufferers, is there to witness his pitiful triumph. The maiden mounts the scaffold, and, amid the stifling smoke and the raging flames, that pure spirit takes its flight to heaven. The populace crowd around the funeral pile as the flames die away, and peer into the embers for some sign of the fair young creature whose life had ended in the agony of that dreadful death. The prison, the scaffold, and a lingering, cruel death! Such was her earthly reward. Who can doubt that her purity, virtue, piety, and lofty patriotism received a fitting recompense in the better world on high?

There is no longer a market-place where the maiden suffered. The high Norman caps now throng the square in front of the great cathedral; and even on a Sabbath morning the visitor finds a crowd of buyers and sellers there. I do not know how it may be with others who have lingered in this quaint old Norman city, but to me the chief interest of the place seemed to centre in its connection with the tale to which I have referred. I cared little about its modern reputation as the Manchester of France. Have we not Manchesters at home? Its stately cathedral, too, claims a deeper interest from its association with the history of the martyr, and no lover of the poetic in history can visit the scene of her triumphant death without having his sympathy with truth and justice quickened into new life.

In the palace of Versailles there may be seen a statue of Joan, executed by a Princess of France—Marie, Duchess of Wurtemberg, and daughter of Louis Philippe—whose death, at the age of twenty-six, was deeply lamented. It is the tribute of royalty to simple and lowly virtue; and the conception and execution of the work do infinite honour to the subject and the artist. Voltaire, to his shame be it said, has alone striven to drag the memory of Joan down to a level with his reckless and impious obscenity. Shakspeare, sharing the prejudices of his time, treats her merely as a sorceress. In Schiller's noble drama, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, her character is portrayed spotless and serene, lifted beyond the sordid selfishness of earth, as the Alpine *Jungfrau* rears its glittering peak far above the dust and turmoil of the valley beneath. Southey, too, has done justice to her virtues; and in De Quincey's glowing pages her death is contrasted with the last moments of her persecutor, in a strain of lofty and impassioned eloquence rarely surpassed in English literature. One of the most popular poets of her native land, Casimir Delavigne, from whose spirited production, *La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc*, I have above made an extract, rebukes, with great vehemence, the English for their share in the tragedy of her death, and depicts the virtues of his heroine with much force and elegance of diction.—*Correspondence Boston Transcript.*

THE MOQUIS.

FAR away beyond the South Pass, on the head waters of Gila River, lives John Bridger, a trapper of the plains and mountains for more than 40 years. It is admitted by all trappers that he is better acquainted than any living man with the intricacies of all the hills and streams that lose themselves in the great basins. While trapping on the tributaries of the Colorado, an Indian offered to guide Mr. Bridger and party to a people living far up the desert, with whom he could barter.

The proposition was accepted; and after providing themselves with dried meats and water, they struck right out into the heart of that great desert, where no white man has before or since trodden, and which the hardy mountainers will only venture to skirt. After five days' travel, the party arrived at three mountains, or buttes, rising in grandeur in that solitary waste. These mountains were covered with a diversity of forest and fruit trees, with streams of the purest water rippling down their declivities. At their base was a numerous agricultural people, surrounded with waving fields of corn and a profusion of vegetables. The people were dressed in leather; they knew nothing of fire-arms, using only the bow and arrow; and for mile after mile, circling those buttes, were abode houses two and three stories high. Mr. Bridger was not allowed to enter any of their towns or houses, and after remaining three days, bartering scarlet cloth and iron for their furs, he left them, not, however, before being given to understand that they had no communication beyond their desert home. That these are the people that once inhabited the banks of the Gila and Colorado, and left these monuments of wonder, the "Casse Grand," which so deeply attracted the followers of Fremont and Doniphan, and then vanished like a dream, there can no longer be a doubt.

Months after this conversation with Bridger, I had another with Mr. Papin, the agent of the American Fur Company. He told me that another of the party, Mr. Walker, the mountaineer, after whom one of the mountain passes is named, and who is known to be a man of truth, had given him the same description of these isolated people, and in my mind there is not a shadow of doubt of their existence.

According to Captain Walker, through the very centre of the Great Basin runs the Rio Colorado Chiquito or Little Red River. It takes its rise in the mountains that skirt the right bank of the Rio Grande, flows almost due west, and empties into the Colorado at a point on the same parallel of latitude with Walker's Pass. About 100 miles north of this and running almost parallel with it, is the river San Juan. Each of these streams is about 250 miles long. Between them stretches an immense table land, broken occasionally by sierras of no great length, which shoot up above the general elevation. About half way between the two rivers, and midway in the wilderness between the Colorado and the Rio Grande, is the country of the Moquis. From the midst of the plain rises abruptly on all sides a butte of considerable elevation, the top of which is as flat as if some great power had sliced off the summit. Away up here the Moquis have built three large villages, where they rest at night perfectly secure from the attacks of the fierce tribes who live to the North and East of them. The sides of this table mountain are almost perpendicular cliffs, and the top can only be reached up a steep flight of steps, cut in the solid rock. Around its base is a plain of arable land, which the Moquis cultivate with great assiduity. Here they raise all kinds of grain, melons and vegetables. They have also a number of orchards filled with many kinds of fruit trees. The peaches they raise, Captain Walker says, are particularly fine. They have large flocks of sheep and goats, but very few beast of burden or cattle. They are a harmless, inoffensive race—kind and hospitable to stranger, and make very little resistance when attacked.

The warlike Navajoes who dwell in the mountains to the northwest of them, are in the habit of sweeping down upon them every two or three years, and driving off their stock. At such times they gather up all that is moveable from their farms, and fly for refuge to their mountain stronghold. Here their enemies dare not follow them. When a stranger approaches, they appear on the top of the rocks and houses watching his movements. One of their villages at which Capt. Walker stayed for several days is five or six hundred yards long. The houses are generally built of stone and mortar, some of them adobe. They are very snug and comfortable, and many of them are two, and even three stories high. The inhabitants are considerably advanced in some of the arts, and manufacture excellent woollen clothing, blankets, leather, basket work and pottery.—Unlike most of the Indian tribes of this country, the women work within doors, the men performing all the farm and out door labour. As a race, they are lighter in colour than the Digger Indians of California. Indeed, the women are tolerably fair in consequence of not being so much exposed to the sun. Among them, Captain Walker saw three perfectly white, with white hair and light eyes. He saw two others of the same kind at the Zuni villages near the Rio Grande. They were no doubt Albinos, and probably gave rise to the rumours which have prevailed of the existence of white Indians in the Basin.

The Moquis have probably assisted nature in leveling the top of the mountain as a site for their villages. They have cut down the rocks in many places, and have excavated out of the solid rock a number of large rooms, for manufacturing woolen cloth. Their only arms are bows and arrows, although they never war with any other tribe. The Navajoes carry off their stock without opposition. But unlike almost every other tribe of Indians on the continent, they are unscrupulously honest. Captain Walker says the most attractive and valuable articles may be left exposed, and they will not touch them.

Many of the women are beautiful, with forms of faultless symmetry. They are very neat and clean, and dress in quite a picturesque costume of their own manufacture. They wear a dark robe with a red border, gracefully draped so as to leave their right arm and shoulder bare. They have most beautiful hair, which they arrange with great care. The condition of a female may be known from her manner of dressing the hair. The virgins part their hair in the middle behind, and twist each parcel around a hoop six or eight inches in diameter. This is nicely smoothed and oiled, and fastened to each side of the head, something like a large rosette.—The effect is very striking. The married women wear their hair twisted into a club behind.

The Moquis farm the plain by day and retire to their villages on the mountain at night. They irrigate their lands by means of small streams running out of the sides of the mountains. Sometimes when it falls to snow on the mountain in winter, their crops are bad. For this reason they always keep two or three years' provisions laid up, for fear of famine. Although, they are a most extraordinary people, far in advance of any other aborigines yet discovered on the continent, they have never had any intercourse with the whites, and of course their civilization originated with themselves. What a field is here for the adventurous traveller!

A CHAPTER OF GIFTS.

It has been a bountiful week. It is manifestly the month for Thanksgiving, and we are disposed to give thanks.

1. We are grateful to our friend at Pamelia, N. Y., who sends us a letter of kindness, inclosing a remembrance of the poor; "a small pocket deposit for minute benevolent necessities." Already, a widow, supporting her aged and infirm aunt, by her needle, has found a portion of the deposit transmuted into coal and bread.

Much research has been made for a mode of changing base metals to gold. We have approached so near to it, as to be able to change gold into coal, wheat, wool, &c. The process is not difficult, upon a little experience—and more useful, we are persuaded, than would be the alchemist's project.

2. Where is this Pamelia? Who settled this township? Another unknown friend from Pamelia Four Corners, sends us a tub of golden butter, beautiful to behold, and fit to be affianced to bread of the finest wheat. Yet we fear that it will not *keep*. Such things seldom do, in our house. May your cows be a thousand, their udders stand out with milk, and every drop of it be cream.

3. Next comes food for the mind; a report for Congress; but we will give the title page, "Communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting, in compliance with a resolution of the Senate of March 8, 1851, the Report of Israel D. Andrews, Consul of the United States for Canada and New Brunswick, on the Trade and Commerce of the British North American Colonies and upon the trade of the great lakes and rivers; also notices of the internal improvements in each State, of the gulf of Mexico and Straits of Florida, and *a paper on the Cotton Crop of the United States.*"

The last clause quite brought us up. We were not expecting, in a book upon British North America, and the Lake Country to find a treatise of *Cotton*. A moment's reflection however gave us the clue. At the time the book issued, cotton was a staple in the pulpit, in politics, in commerce, and why not in books? It would not do for our Government to issue any documents which did not end with Cotton. It reminds us of a Baptist preacher whose peculiar views of the ordinance of Baptism, were apt to intrude into every sermon, whatever might be the subject. A wager was laid that a text could not be given him from which he would not extract something on the subject of Baptism. Accordingly, he was requested to preach from Genesis 3 : 9, "And the Lord God called unto Adam, and saith unto him, Where art thou?" He read the text and propounded his subject, thus: "I shall first show that Adam was where he ought not to be; secondly, that if he did not get back where he ought to be, the Lord would put him where he did not want to be; and, thirdly, I shall close with a few remarks upon *Baptism.*"

And so it makes but little difference with our Government, what is the theme, Cotton is the Amen.

But the work itself is very valuable, and our thanks are due to Mr. Andrews for his kindness in sending it.—*H. W. Beecher in the Independent.*

SIR JOHN PARRY'S OPINION OF THE FATE OF FRANKLIN.—At Lynn, a few days ago, Sir John Parry said:

"I can form but a single idea as to the probable fate of Franklin. I do not agree with our friend Gurney Cresswell, about the probability of both ships having gone down and nothing been seen of them, because, although it is true that nothing might be seen of the ships themselves, I do not believe the crews would all have perished at one moment. I think there is that stuff and stamina in 120 Englishmen that, somehow or other, they would have maintained themselves as well as a parcel of Esquimaux would. They would have found the Esquimaux, and there would have been something like a trace of them if they had been on earth. The only thing which I can suggest is this:

"Wellington Strait was discovered by myself on the expedition I spoke of. It is a large opening from Lancaster Sound. When I was going up westward from Melville Island, we saw Wellington Strait perfectly free from ice, and so I marked it on my chart. It was not my business to go north as long as I could get west, and therefore we ran past and did not examine it. But it has always been a favourite idea of those who imagined the northwest passage was to be easily made by going north. That we know was the favourite idea of Franklin, and we know he did intend, if he could not get westward, to go up Wellington Channel. We have it from his own lips. My belief is still that, after the first winter, he did go up that channel, and that, having steam power (which I had not in my time), it is possible he may have gone up in a favourable season.

"You cannot imagine anything more different than a favourable and an unfavourable season in those regions. You cannot imagine the changes that take place in the ice there. I have been myself sometimes beset for two or three days together by the ice, in such a way that from the mast-head I could not see sufficient water to float a bottle in, and in twenty-four hours there was not a bit of ice to be seen—nobody could tell why—I cannot tell why; and you might have sailed about as you may in your own river, as far as ice is concerned. Therefore, in a favourable season, he may have gone up that inlet, and may, by the power of steam and favourable circumstances, have got so far to the northwest that in an ordinary season he could not get back again. And those who knew Franklin know this—that he would push on year after year so long as his provisions lasted. Nothing could stop him. He was not a man to look back if he believed the thing possible. He may have got beyond the reach of our searching parties, for Sir Edward Belcher has not been able to get far up, and we have not been able to get the investigation completed. In speaking of Franklin, every one will feel sorrow for his probable fate. My dear friend Franklin was sixty years old when he left this country, and I shall never forget the zeal, the almost youthful enthusiasm with which that man entered upon that expedition. Lord Haddington, who was then first Lord of the Admiralty, sent for me, and said: 'I see, by looking at the list, that Franklin is sixty years old. Do you think we ought to let him go?' I said, 'He is a fitter man to go than any I know, and if you don't let him go, the man will die of disappointment.' He did go, and has been gone these eight years; and therefore, I leave to yourselves to consider what is the probability of the life of that excellent and valuable man. In the whole course of my experience I never knew a man like Franklin. I do not say it because he is dead—upon the principle, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but I never knew a man in whom different qualities were more remarkably combined. In my dear friend Franklin, with all the tenderness of heart of a simple child, there was all the greatness and magnanimity of a hero. It is recorded of that man that he would not even kill a musquito that was stinging him. But whether that be true or not, it is a true type of the tenderness of his heart."

AT the usual monthly meeting of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, held on the 25th ult., the following correspondence was read:

"EDINBURGH, October 15, 1853.

"My Lord: At a meeting of the Rev. the Presbytery of Edinburgh, on the 13th ult., there was some discussion as to the propriety of appointing, on ecclesiastical authority, a day for prayer and humiliation within the bounds of the Presbytery, under the visitation of Asiatic cholera, which has again appeared in this country.

"The members were of opinion that it was likely, in the circumstances, that a national fast would be appointed on royal authority. For this reason they delayed making an appointment for this locality, and directed me, in the meantime, respectfully to request that you would be pleased to say—if you feel yourself at liberty to do so—whether the appointment of a national fast by the Queen is in contemplation.

"The Presbytery hoped to be excused for the liberty they use in preferring this request.

"I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's humble servant, W. H. GRAY.

"Moderator of the Presbytery of Edinburgh.

"To the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston, M.P., &c."

"WHITEHALL, October 19, 1853.

"Sir: I am directed by Viscount Palmerston to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, requesting, on behalf of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, to be informed whether it is proposed to appoint a day of national fast on account of the visitation of the cholera, and to state that there can be no doubt that manifestations of humble resignation to the Divine will, and sincere acknowledgments of human unworthiness, are never more appropriate than when it has pleased Providence to afflict mankind with some severe visitation; but it does not appear to Lord Palmerston that a national fast would be suitable to the circumstances of the present moment.

"The Maker of the universe has established certain laws of nature for the planet in which we live, and the weal or woe of mankind depends upon the observance or the neglect of those laws. One of those laws connects health with the absence of those gaseous exhalations which proceed from overcrowded human beings, or from decomposing substances, whether animal or vegetable; and those same laws render sickness the almost inevitable consequence of exposure to those noxious influences. But it has at the same time pleased Providence to place it within the power of man to make such arrangements as will prevent or disperse such exhalations so as to render them harmless, and it is the duty of man to attend to those laws of nature, and to exert the faculties which Providence has thus given to man for his welfare.

"The recent visitation of cholera, which has for the moment been mercifully checked, is an awful warning, given to the people of this realm, that they have too much neglected their duty in this respect, and that those persons with whom it rested to purify towns and cities, and to prevent or to remove the causes of disease, have not been sufficiently active in regard to such matters. Lord Palmerston would, therefore, suggest that the best course which the people of this country can pursue to deserve that the further progress of the cholera should be stayed will be to employ the interval that will elapse between the present time and the beginning of next spring, in planning and executing measures by which those portions of their town and cities which are inhabited by the poorest classes, and which from the nature of things must most need purification and improvement, may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of an united but inactive nation. When man has done his utmost for his own safety, then is the time to invoke the blessings of Heaven to give effect to his exertions. I am, sir, you obedient servant,

"HENRY FITZROY.

"To the Rev. W. H. Gray, Moderator of the Edinburgh Presbytery."

NEW USES OF THE LEAF OF THE PINUS SYLVESTRIS.—Not far from Breslau, in Silesia, in a domain called *la Prairie du Humboldt*, exist two establishments, equally astonishing on account of their objects and of their connection: one is a manufactory in which the leaves of the pines are converted into a sort of cotton or wool; the other offers to the sick, as a salubrious bath, the waters left from the making of this vegetable wool. Both were founded under the head Inspector of Forests, M. de Pannewitz, the inventor of a chemical process by means of which, from the long and slim leaves of the pines, is procured a very fine filamentous substance, which has been called *wood wool* (*laine de bois*), because it curls, felts, and may be spun like common wool.

The *pinus sylvestris*, or wild-pine, whence this new product is procured, is already much esteemed in Germany, on account of several valuable advantages which it presents; and, in place of abandoning it to its natural growth, extensive plantations of it have been formed, which are true forests. When planted on light and sandy soils, which it prefers, and in which it grows with the greatest rapidity, it gives them consistence and solidity. Associated with the oak, it becomes a shelter, under the shadow of which this latter acquires a great strength of development, until in its turn it rises above its protector. When the pine has reached its fortieth year, it furnishes very profitable crops of resin. Its wood is esteemed for buildings, &c. The employment which M. de Pannewitz has proposed to give to its leaves will, without doubt, contribute to spread still more the culture of a tree already so useful, and will perhaps give it some favour in other countries where it is scarcely known.

All the acicular leaves of the pine, the firs, and coniferous trees in general, are composed of a bundle of fibres, extremely fine and tenacious, which are surrounded and held together by a resinous substance in thin pellicles. When, by heat, and by the employment of certain chemical re-agents, the resinous substance is dissolved, it is easy to separate the fibres from each other, to wash them, and to free them from all foreign bodies. According to the method used, the wooly substance acquires a finer quality, or remains in a coarser state: and in the first place it is employed as wadding; in the second as filling for mattrasses. Such, in a few words, is the account of the discovery due to M. de Pannewitz.

The first use which was made of this filamentous substance was to substitute it for cotton wadding in quilted coverlets. In the year 1842, the hospital of Vienna bought five hundred of the coverlets, and, after using them for several years, renewed its orders. It was remarked, among other things, that, under the influence of the pine-wool, no kind of parasitic insect harboured in the bed, and the aromatic odour which they emitted was considered to be agreeable and benificial. Soon afterwards, the penitentiary of Vienna was provided with the same kind of coverlets. Since then they have been adopted, as have been also mattrasses filled with the same wool, in the hospital La Charité at Berlin, and at the hospital La Maternité, and the soilder's quarters at Breslau. An experience of five years in these establishments has shown that the *wood-wool* is well fitted for use in coverlets, and for wadded goods, and is very durable.—*London Journal.*

THE SUBLIME.—Canning once said: "That he knew nothing so *sublime* as a fact."